

# AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.

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## Contents.

	PAGE
MODERN CHIVALRY: OR, A NEW ORLANDO FURIOSO. EDITED BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ. FLIGHTS XI. AND XII.	377
STANZAS. BY MISS SKELTON . . . . .	394
A NIGHT WITH BURNS. BY DR. SHELTON MACKENZIE, AUTHOR OF "TITIAN" . . . . .	395
LOVE AND A LICENCE. A TALE OF PUDDING-LANE. BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD, AUTHOR OF "RICHARD SAVAGE," ETC. PART I.	401
THE TOMBS OF THE EAST. BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH . . .	405
THE ELLISTON PAPERS. EDITED BY GEORGE RAYMOND. PART XIII.	413
THOUGHTS ON FORTUNE-HUNTING. BY THE AUTHOR OF "HANDLEY CROSS; OR, THE SPA HUNT." PART II. . . . .	423
JOHNIE FAA. A TRUE STORY OF SCOTLAND. BY MISS SKELTON	428
THE DYING FLOWER. BY JOHN OXENFORD . . . . .	434
MY FELLOW-TRAVELLER'S ADVENTURE. A TALE OF THE "AR- DENNES." BY FREDERIC TOLFREY, AUTHOR OF "THE SPORTS- MAN IN FRANCE." PART I. . . . .	435
THE INDIANS OF WESTERN AMERICA. GLIMPSES OF CALIFORNIA AND TEXAS . . . . .	441
SENTENCES ON SIMILES. BY LAMAN BLANCHARD . . . . .	448
OUR LIBRARY TABLE . . . . .	453
OLD REMEMBRANCE. BY LAMAN BLANCHARD . . . . .	456
A DEED DONE ON SALISBURY PLAIN. BY THE AUTHOR OF "COLIN CLINK." . . . .	457
JOHN MANESTY, THE LIVERPOOL MERCHANT. BY THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D. CHAPS. XIV. AND XV. . . . .	462

*The Subscribers to "AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE" are informed,  
that the Number for January next will contain*

THE FIRST PART

OF

# A NEW WORK

BY


W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

WITH

**Two Illustrations on Steel**

BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

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 **MR. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK** is happy to inform his Friends and the Public, that **he has ceased to have any connexion whatever with "BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY."** — He therefore begs them to observe, that, from this date, there will not appear, *under any circumstances*, any illustration, either on wood, copper, or steel, executed by him, for that Publication; and that "AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE" will be, henceforth, the **only** Magazine illustrated by him.



## MODERN CHIVALRY:

OR,

*A New Orlando Furioso.*

EDITED BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

## FLIGHT XI.

"Akibét tilkinin dérist kurktchnun dukianina ghélun."—TURKISH PROVERB.

In spite of all its cunning running past,  
The furrier gets the fox's skin at last.—

(Translation for the Country Gentlemen.)

TRANSITION to the open air sufficed to relax the spasmodic affection by which the worldly nature of Lord Buckhurst was thus suddenly attacked; and it needed only a good night's rest, to screw up his courage anew to his customary acrimony of defiance to the threats of the alligator.—

"After all," mused he, next morning, over his coffee, "it is scarcely worth while to abandon a favourite project because half a thousand women assume a mysterious appearance when accoutred in white caps and black gowns!—I will, at least, even if but as a matter of courtesy, attempt an interview with poor little Apol!"—

After breakfast, therefore, to avoid the prying investigations of the *valet-de-place*,—who, he fancied, had followed him into the church, the preceding night, and been an eye-witness of his emotions,—he set forth on foot to the Beghynage,—and was surprised to find how much of its imposing aspect of the preceding night, had been owing to the vagueness of twilight, to "*la puissance de l'inconnu*."—Still, even by daylight, it was a quaint old place. Every house bore on its door, instead of the name of its inhabitant, that of some saint or martyr, by which it was familiarly known in the community;—and having applied for information to the venerable portress, he was apprised, that, if he desired to visit one of the convents, and had no letter of introduction to the superioress, he had only to proceed to a house she pointed out as that of Saint Rosalia, having over the gateway the effigies of the virgin and child, in glory; where they were in the habit of receiving visitors of either sex.

He now knocked at the grated gateway;—and the Beghyn by whom the somewhat agitated guest was welcomed with a benediction, was a middle-aged Frenchwoman, to whom the habit of doing the honours of the Beghynage imparted the ease of a woman of the world. Replying to his questions without reserve, she seemed to take pleasure in exhibiting to his admiration a kitchen whose neatness Gerard Douw might have painted,

where the sixteen sisters of the house had each her separate stove, and was forced to minister to her own service;—the refectory, where each had her especial buttery;—the vestiary, where each had her press of linen, kept in repair by her own hands;—and finally, the sixteen cells or chambers, where every Beghyn enjoyed her definite home,—her humble bed, in which to enjoy the blessing of sleeping or waking dreams,—her domestic altar, at which to pray for salvation from evil, and deliverance from temptation;—the “Ave Maria Purissima” being the effusion of a spirit equally pure.

Nothing could be simpler, neater, or better in accordance with conventual humility, than every department of the little habitation.—Even the *parloir*, or private room of the superioress, (for every convent of the Beghynage has its *mère supérieure* subject to the authority of the grand superioress,) was adorned only with a plan of the Beghynage, as originally constructed in 1207; and an engraving after Verhoeve’s picture of St. Begge, the patroness of the congregation, setting forth for Rome after the death of her husband, (assassinated in the chase by an adopted son,) guided by the memorable white doe said to have preceded her throughout her journey—to point out the spots where the rivers were fordable and the mountains safe.

“And are all the convents of the Beghynage humble and homely as this?” inquired Lord Buckhurst, unable to connect the idea of the lovely, graceful, polished Apol-blossom with those bare floors and white-washed walls.—

Sister Clemenje looked mortified. She was accustomed to hear praises of the neatness and cleanliness of their little community,—not allusion to its defects.

“To maintain even *this*,” said she, “we are required to possess a certain property on entering the community. It is true that, at our death, it reverts to our families, whom we are permitted to receive as guests, and annually allowed a fortnight for visiting. When afflicted with sickness, too, a Beghyn may return to her home, on a sufficient certificate. *We* are not, thank heaven, as the unfortunate nuns cloistered at the Ursulines!”—

“I had understood,” replied Lord Buckhurst, scarcely able to conceal his indifference to these details, “that such of the sisterhood as possessed the means might enjoy a separate establishment?”

“Every house you see yonder, each with its little garden, is a separate residence,” replied Sister Clemenje.—“Many of our Beghyns are rich, and benefactresses to the community!—Others,” said she, with an air of proud humility, “are poor as the inmates of this convent of St. Rosalia, and maintain themselves by selling their prayers to pious Christians;—and never I can promise you, were masses more faithfully performed than those of the Beghynage!”—

“You have countrywomen of my own among you, I understand?” said the visitor, carelessly.



"We have sisters of all nations," replied the Beghyn.

"I am assured that many young women of high consideration enter the Beghynage?"

"We have sisters of all ages," replied the Beghyn.

"Within this year or two, for instance, a young English lady of high birth is said to have taken the vows here?"

"We have sisters of all conditions," replied the Beghyn.

"You perhaps know her?"—persisted Lord Buckhurst, coming to the point;—"her family name is Hurst."—

"But what is her name of religion?" demanded Sister Clemenje.

"I never heard.—Her baptismal, was Apollonia."

"We receive a new one at our second baptism to salvation!" observed Sister Clemenje, crossing herself.—"But we of the convents see little of any but those belonging to our separate community, unless during divine service."—

"Nevertheless," observed the visitor, bestowing a handsome gratuity on his guide, to enlighten her understanding, "it strikes me that the sister to whom I allude, must command *some* distinction among you; since with youth and beauty, and a fortune of several million of Guilders, she——"

"You must allude, then, to Sister Constanje!"—cried the Beghyn,—whose denseness became semi-transparent on contact with a piece of gold.—"She whom they say will one day or other be superioress of the Beghynage; and who bestowed the four new carved confessionals upon the church?"—

"Perhaps so.—Are you acquainted with her?"

"I have seen her, like the rest, at the solemnities of the church. On her arrival here, she visited the convents in succession, and bought lace and work of each, which were again sold, and the produce given to the treasury of the community. Sister Constanje has bestowed more alms since she entered the Beghynage, than the Bishop of Ghent!"

"*She*, then, has a separate establishment?" inquired Lord Buckhurst, looking forth from the casement upon the little dotted habitations, exactly resembling those of a Dutch city in a child's toy.

"No, indeed. To be entitled to an independent life here, you must have made proof of regularity of conduct for three years, in one of our convents.—But Sister Constanje being so great a benefactress to the community, an exception has been made in her favour; so that her probation is taking place *not* in a convent, but the mansion of the grand superioress herself. There!—that fine house you see yonder behind the trees!"

Lord Buckhurst smiled as he surveyed the palazzo pointed out, which was scarcely on a par with a neat third-rate English farm-house.

"Such then is the abode to which the wrong-headed enthusiasm of disappointed girlhood has devoted poor dear little Apol-



blossom!" mused he, after taking leave of the Convent of St. Rosalia; and resuming his stroll through the Beghynage, in which, at that hour of the day, no one was stirring, except here and there a sister in her neat black robes and snowy head-gear, scudding along on her return from some errand of charity in the city, to unlock one of the piously inscribed gates, and re-admit herself into her solitary castle of holy spinsterhood.

But even though he had ascertained from the Beghyn of the Convent of St. Rosalia, that he would be admitted on application to see Sister Constanje, or any other of his acquaintance in the community, with all his lordship's coolness and self-possession, he had not courage to attack the fastness of the superioress of a Beghynage! Sister Clemenje had replied to his inquiries with a nod of significant sympathy, "*d'ailleurs, un homme d'un age mur, tel que Monsieur, cela se reçoit partout, même dans le monde;*" for, estimating the age of her guest, in spite of all Delcroix's preservatives and reparatives to be coeval with her own, he did not present himself to her imagination in a dangerous point of view.—He was not, however, the less convinced of being otherwise regarded by the sensitive heart of Sister Constanje.

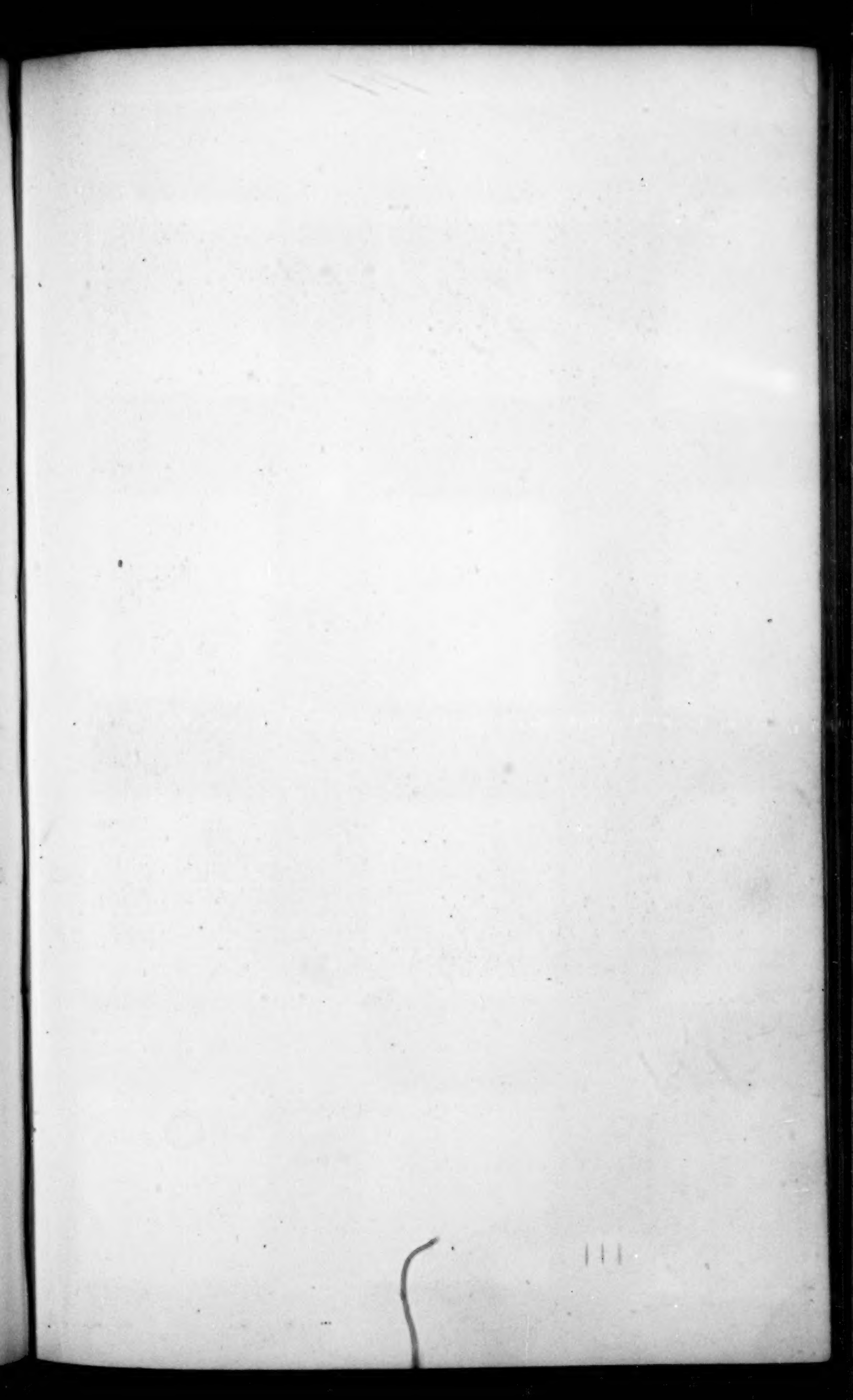
"Were I, as a mere stranger, to request an interview, she would not see me," mused the man of the world; "were I to announce myself by name, still less. In one case, indifference,—in the other, sensibility,—would secure my exclusion. I am not going, however, to waste more time upon what may, after all, prove an improbable pursuit. I will write—write so as not prematurely to alarm the poor dear little creature's susceptibilities."

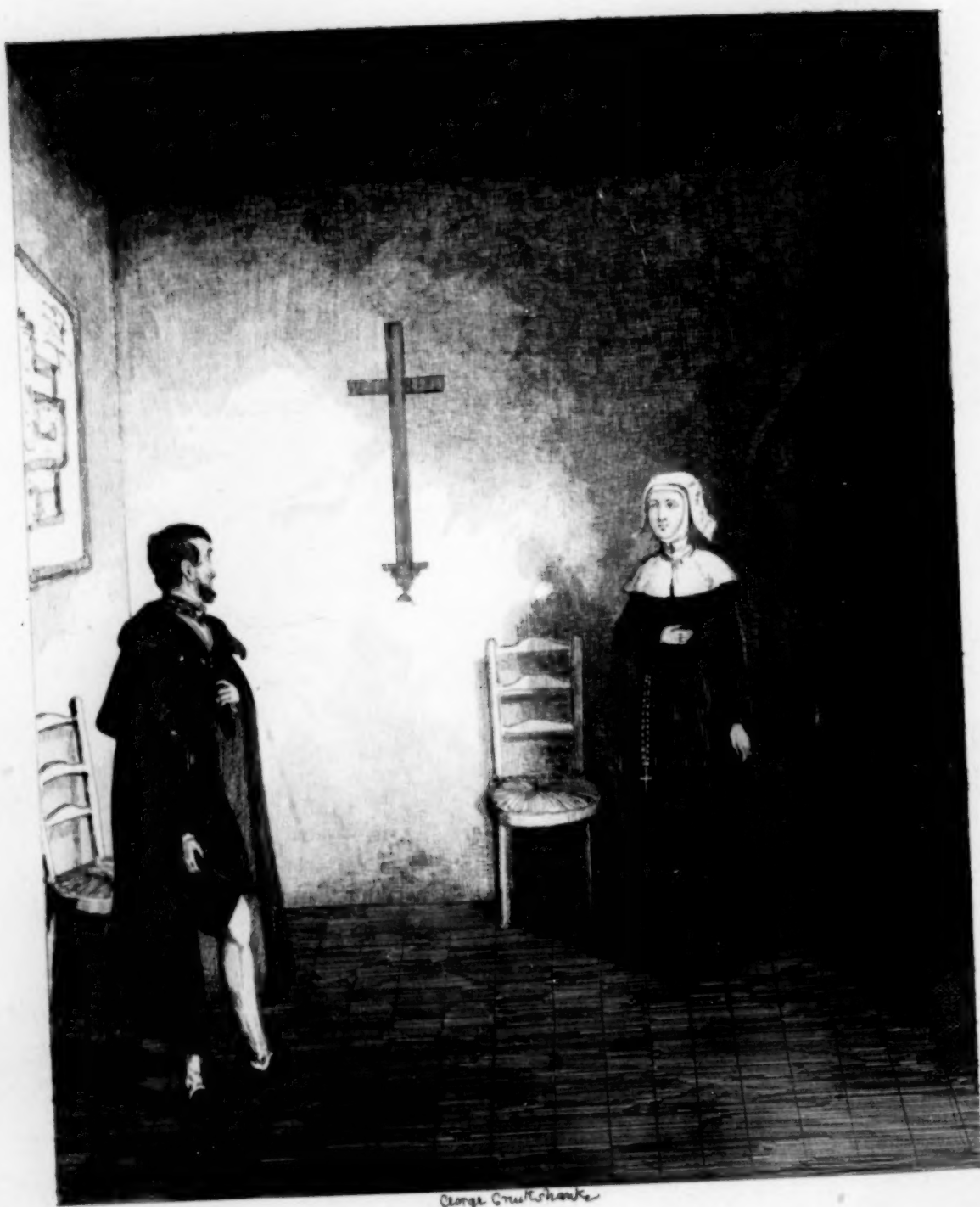
And he accordingly wrote, as if accidentally passing through the city, and desirous to afford her tidings of her English friends.

With a degree of *empressement* very foreign to his habits, and arising probably from the excitement produced by so new and piquant an aspect of the alligator, his lordship returned in person to the Beghynage as the bearer of his letter; on delivering which at the gate of the superioress, he was cordially invited in by the sister in attendance, (who appeared to entertain no more alarm than though he had been a minor canon,) and shewn into a *parloir* to await the answer of Sister Constanje.

In that simple whitewashed room, adorned only with a large crucifix, and the customary plan of the Beghynage, all his misgivings returned; and he paced up and down the sanded floor, anxiously awaiting the return of his messenger, and convinced that either Sister Constanje would refuse to see so dangerous a visitor, or receive him under the solemn protection of the grim superioress of the community.—He felt that she could not fortify herself too carefully!

Within a few minutes, however, the door opened, and a Beghyn made her appearance, who, but that she immediately accosted him by name, it would have been indeed difficult to





George Cruikshank

Lord Guckburst overcome by the appearance of Apollonia Gurst.



recognise as his lovely Apol-blossom !—Serene, cold, colourless, her deportment was as calm as her face was inexpressive.—It was not her habit that had so altered her appearance, and reduced her to the unattractive level of the old Beghyns, with whom he had been conversing.—It was evident that her nature was changed within her. She was as one having been long numbered with the dead. The hopes and fears of youth were gone. She had taken up her cross. Her immortality was begun.

So far from appearing embarrassed by his presence, or apprehensive that the sanction of an elder person was necessary to their interview, she pointed to one of the rush-bottomed chairs with mechanical courtesy; and quietly taking another, prepared to listen to the communications he had announced himself desirous to make, as though she were a Judge upon the Bench, and he a Q. C. !

This perfect composure discomposed him.—He felt that the common-places he had premeditated touching the health of Lady Rachel Lawrance, would be thoroughly out of place;—and after one or two ineffectual attempts to find a more interesting topic, an unwonted excitement of feeling at finding himself giving way to the alligator so stimulated his pride, that he suddenly burst forth into genuine expressions of surprise at finding a person so entitled to the comforts and pleasures of life, thus miserably accommodated; and regret that, through the disastrous bias of early habits, the world should have been deprived of one of its fairest ornaments.

“I speak only as an Englishman,” said he.—“The regrets I venture to express are solely in the interests of my country; which I feel to have been unjustly bereft of a treasure to which it was fairly entitled.”

Sister Constanje surveyed him with as much surprise as was consistent with her habitual beatitude of serenity.—

“If I were to answer you by saying—‘Is *this* all you have to communicate?’” said she, “you would carry away with you a conviction not only of my discourtesy, but of my incapability of defending the step I have taken.—Better, therefore, frankly reply that in my present condition I have neither a sorrow, vexation, nor regret. I use my humble efforts to fulfil all the better purposes of life,—the duties of faith, hope, charity;—and the accomplishment of this suffices my utmost ambition of happiness. I have here many friends and sisters, associated with me in acts of benevolence;—in the world, I had none.—I broke through no social tie to enter the Beghynage. My father is no more;—his sister and her son hesitated to accept me as wife and daughter till I was able to secure my fortune to them; and thus was I released from a promise otherwise binding.”

“I was not pleading the cause of Sir John Honeyfield, who I believe to be wholly unworthy the great happiness at one time

awaiting him," replied Lord Buckhurst, in a tone as grave as her own; "I was advocating the interests of the community."

"Of a community," retorted Sister Constanje, with an unaltered countenance.—"Had I remained a member of the one you call the world, I should scarcely have been in more extended intercourse with my fellow-creatures than here. Do not confound the habits of this place with the peevish selfishness of a convent; for the severities and seclusion of which, I have no vocation.—Here, with the exception of wearing a peculiar habit, I am no more absorbed by the discharge of religious duties than I should be, I trust, in any other situation of life."

"Then why not exercise them in a wider and happier sphere?" exclaimed his lordship, trusting he was nearing his point.

"I have never had much faith in the virtue of the hair-shirt worn by St. Eloy, under his velvet and cloth of gold!" replied the Beghyn, unmoved by his vehemence. "The cursory glance I took of society convinced me of my own incompetence to wrestle with its temptations or support its vexations.—*Here*, these are spared me,—*here*, I am content. My humble gown, and these untapestried walls, facilitate a thousand virtues.—The richest man carries with him only a shroud into the grave.—Happy those who are content with as little amid the illusions and vanities of life."

"But apart from its vanities and illusions, life has a thousand innocent diversions—a thousand sacred ties!" cried Lord Buckhurst.

"Not that I perceived, in my short experience," said the Beghyn, mildly; "and I had, consequently, nothing to renounce, in devoting myself to my present calling.—Most of the persons with whom I was acquainted in London, were avowedly victims to *ennui*; disgusted with this life, without courage to aspire to a better.—It would not have suited me to marry.—I have opinions on the sanctity of such a tie, which no man of my own condition of life could possibly have shared; and as a single woman, the slavery of subservience to the world to which I must have been subjected,—the scorn with which female celibacy is regarded among you,—the fretful inertness into which, in my forlorn condition, I should have subsided, would have produced a very different state of mind from the fellowship I enjoy here with persons of my own persuasion and pretensions, without an apprehension, —without a care,—without an embitterment!"

Lord Buckhurst had now lost all patience. There was something in the aspect of any other selfishness than his own, that revolted him.

"And is this lukewarm self-content the purpose for which we were endowed with all the better energies and more generous impulses of human nature?" cried he.—"It seems but yesterday that the light-hearted being we used to call Apol-blossom, was complaining of the dulness of our London Sundays, as incom-



patible with her notions of the cheerful thankfulness of spirit due to the mercies of Providence!"

"Were you to see me in the discharge of my accustomed duties and the enjoyment of my accustomed pleasures," replied Sister Constanje, untouched in the smallest degree by his retort,—"you would perceive that the career I have embraced is compatible with both cheerfulness and gratitude to God.—If I am at this moment graver than my wont, it is because the sight of your face recalls to my heart the few painful moments which the undeserved mercies of Heaven have assigned to my share.—Let me, therefore, express a hope," said she, rising so as to render it indispensable for her visitor also to rise and take leave, "that should my name chance to be mentioned before you by any former associate, you will not pronounce upon the better or worse of the vocation I have adopted, from any demonstration my appearance may seem to convey.—Farewell!—We shall probably meet no more in this world.—Accept, therefore, the expression of my good wishes for your eternal welfare. May that great glory whose divergent rays attain the greatest and smallest of created things, enlighten your soul!"

Blessed out of a whitewashed *parloir* by a Beghyn, as others are bowed out of a gorgeous saloon by a minister of state! The man of St. James's-street had traversed half the ill-paved court of the Beghynage, before he half-recovered his breath!—He had not so much as found presence of mind to express his admiration to the self-sufficient Sister Constanje, (as Alberoni to Cellamare,) "*della sua bella parlata*." The utmost he had been able to do was so far to repress his irritability as to retain the same quiet *insouciance* in presence of the Beghyn he had affected aforetime in presence of Apollonia Hurst.

But the reaction produced a more indignant struggle in his mind than he had ever yet experienced; and in his utter impotence either to resist or revenge himself on the alligator, away went the man of the world to Aix-la-Chapelle,—taking care the newspapers should announce that the waters had been ordered for him by his physicians.—He did not, however, deign to acquaint the public whether the *roulette* to which he betook himself like a madman, in the absence of better entertainment, formed part of the prescription, or whether it afforded a mere refuge for petulance.

The regimen, however, was disastrous. "The fox's skin," quoth the Turkish proverb, "finds its way to the furriers at last;" and the pitiful fellow who had quitted England in the hope of subtracting a rich Beghyn from her vows, in order to add a wing to Greyoke, was forced, on his return, to issue orders for a fall of timber on the estate, to the amount of five thousand pounds!

Instead of distancing Jack Honeyfield, and doing himself justice, he had been laid writhing in the dust by the alligator!—



Sister Constanje had actually addressed him as "Mr. Howardson!"—Instead of making him the idol of clay of her conventual life, (as he had fondly imagined,) she had literally never been at the trouble of asking so much about him, of Mauley or others of her English correspondents, as would have sufficed to acquaint her with his change of estate!

Audacious, hateful, hypocritical little alligator!

## FLIGHT XII.

"La persistance que met le monde à s'enfoncer de plus en plus dans les joies de l'égoïsme, dans l'abrutissante ivresse de l'intérêt privé, prouve que le tort est plus haut que les individus. En attendant que la société, lasse d'être exécrable, songe à se faire moins mauvaise, je ramasse ma part des faits, et vous le livre, durs et laids comme je les ai trouvés. Médecin assez fort pour nommer les plaies, mais impuissant pour les guérir, je regarde avec épouvante les progrès de la contagion, et je vous crie d'y prendre garde."—LUCHET.

It was autumn when the disappointed man scudded back to England; and himself, the hazel-nuts, and beech-trees being alike done brown, he felt no particular inclination to hurry down to Greyoke, and encounter the scoffing glances of the stuccoed portico at his untimely fall of timber.—Nor had he any country visits in immediate prospect,—having as yet published, per *Morning Post*, no bulletin of his arrival; and *his* friends were not of the cordial order of people who venture into each others' houses without formal invitations of the most explicit nature, given and acknowledged.—

He resolved, therefore, to spend a contemplative fortnight in London. Having never yet abided therein between the distant periods when grouse and turkeys come into season, it presented as novel a scene to him as the dominions of Queen Pomaré.—

But though his object in sojourning in his town-house at a time of year where those free commoners of nature, the mice, are entitled to reside there unmolested, was utter seclusion for the freer consideration of his prospects and projects, he had not calculated upon the Alexander-Selkirkian solitariness to which he had consigned himself.—

To Lord Buckhurst, the west-end of London had hitherto presented a busy anthill of men, women, and equipages, hurrying and scurrying, jarring and jostling against each other, under a varnished surface of luxury and joy. He had never been at the trouble of conjecturing whether those streets were ever empty, those parks ever untrodden, or what aspect the clubs, he had always heard so garrulous and felt so stuffy, represented, when inhabited only by a superannuated waiter too gouty to take his turn out of town like the rest of his confraternity.—

He saw it all now,—and the sight was anything but refreshing! The *prestige* of London being obfuscated by the now stagnant atmosphere, everything was seen in its real proportions,—mean, dirty, ungainly.—After the picturesque cities of the

Continent, with their quaint antiquity of by-gone centuries, the long unmeaning streets, each side representing in its stupid uniformity a single house, manufactory, or infirmary,—struck him as the very acme of desolation.—

But this was not all. In the spring time of the year, the pleasures and luxuries of the season affix a factitious surface to things; shutting out their intrinsic deformities, as the line of troops formed for the passage of royalty through a crowd, excludes all view of the ragged throng constituting the mass of the people.—But now, a variety of wretchednesses and infamies started forth to view, of which he had been hitherto uncognisant.—Streets of which he had never suspected the existence, though subsisting side by side with those he constantly frequented,—miserable objects crawling forth from squalid abodes overlooked in the glare of summer-sunshine,—habits of vice and grossness, which the perpetual flitting of the motes of pleasure in the atmosphere of June, rendered unapparent,—all these attained a foul and offensive prominence, now that he was alone, before the skeleton of the mighty monster he had hitherto beheld endued with life and animation and clothed with extenuating beauty.—

The place was loathsome to him.—If he ventured into St. James's-street, he was set upon by diseased beggars eager to seize upon the only prey that had fallen for weeks within their grasp.—If he wandered further, legions of hackney-coachmen, long waiting for a fare, beset him with their importunities. The streets seemed paved with oyster-shells.—A red haze converted the very atmosphere into a grosser element.

“No standing this!”—muttered his lordship, on finding the house-dinner of his club exhibit, three days running, the same faces and the same *entrées*, (the *chef* being at Brighton for his health, and the *filets de soles* looking as if they participated in his indisposition.)—“How on earth do people manage who are compelled to spend a month in town at this time of year,—either to be couched,—or administer to a will,—or prepare their marriage settlements,—or any other domestic calamity?—I suppose I must try the theatres!”—

But even at the theatres, at that matter-of-fact epoch, he saw and heard things, hitherto unheard and unseen,—the cracking of walnuts, the popping of ginger-beer,—and the play!—Till now, the pleasant parties, or still more interesting personage he had been accustomed to accompany to the theatre, had taken care that nothing should be audible to him there, but their chattering and flirtations; nor had he been ever before conscious of the surpassing vulgarity to which the preponderance of the secondary classes in our theatres, has reduced the English stage.—Fresh from the well-rehearsed pieces of the Continent, he had not patience with the slovenly acting, dirty-dresses, and point-less dialogue of a stage where Shakspeare and Congreve once ruled the taste of the hour.—



But though he accomplished nothing by seeing, he accomplished much by being seen. One night, as he was sitting, in a style which Mrs. Trollope would have had a right to denounce had she witnessed it at Cincinnati, with his two elbows resting on the front of one of the private boxes and his chin resting on his hands,—possessed by a legion of blue devils engendered by indigestion and *ennui*,—the key of the box-keeper grated in the door, and a man made his appearance with cordial familiarity, whom Lord Buckhurst, as soon as the door was closed behind him, discovered to be Sir Thomas Mauley.—

“I saw you from an opposite box, and could scarcely believe my eyes!” cried the intruder.—“Saul among the prophets was nothing to Lord Buckhurst in London, at a time when it is populated only by men of my own ignominious profession!”

Lord Buckhurst cast his eyes vaguely towards the opposite row of private boxes.—All empty as his own heart!

“Lady Mauley and the girls are below,” said he, directing by a glance the *lorgnon* of his companion towards the public boxes, where, simply dressed, and accompanied by two gawky girls, with their long curls hanging over their shoulders, like a brace of mermaids, sat the Emma of former days, now a portly middle-aged woman, radiant with domestic happiness and a regimen of roast and boiled.—“At this time of year, I am sometimes at leisure to give them an evening’s amusement,” said the good husband and father, into whose imagination it did not enter that his family could amuse itself unsanctioned by his presence. “I like a good play for them,—such as we saw just now.”

“I came too late for it.”

“Yes, I saw you saunter in,—and could hardly believe my eyes.—Where on earth do you come from?”

“From the German baths,” equivocated the man of the world,—“which I found full of sunshine and Russians, in June;—and left, full of fogs and English, in October.”

“And so you were wise enough to return for the autumn to the perpetual sunshine of a good old English fireside!” retorted the lawyer, rubbing his hands.—“Well, so much the better! Perhaps, if you remain a few days in town, you may find a journey to Russell-square less of a penance than during the season.—When will you dine with us?”—

“To-morrow, if you will!” replied Lord Buckhurst, whose notions of friendship being those of Epicurus,—that it is a field to be cultivated for the produce it will yield, a sentiment, grounded on the possibility of mutual service,—was a fifty times warmer friend to the Attorney-general than he had ever been to Tom Mauley.

“Softly, softly!” cried the lawyer, laughing. “You don’t suppose I mean to inflict my domesticity on a gentleman of your refinement? No, no!—I should like you to meet a few of the Buckhursts among whom *I* live; and *this* is our Bloomsbury



Season!—At this time of year, our dining-out men are no more to be had for asking, than you, my dear lord, during the month of May. On Sunday, therefore, if you please;—a lawyer's leisure day, which he does not enjoy holidays enough in the year to admit of his sanctifying to solitude."

Lord Buckhurst, in accordance with the Algerian maxim of kissing the hand you are not strong enough to cut off, acquiesced;—though sufficiently vexed at having to endure a slap from one which, for so many years of its life, had opened and shut upon fees professional. He had scarcely patience to endure with seeming complacency the familiarity of his companion; when luckily, on the first stroke of the orchestra for the overture of the second piece, Mauley rose to hurry away,—protesting he could "never see the play to his satisfaction from a private box."

"Hottentot!"—murmured the man of the world, as the door appeared to close after him. A moment afterwards, however, the departed put in his head again, like Don Basilio, to remind his lordship that they "dined at half-past six *precisely*;" as if a Lord Buckhurst were likely to consider the clause "*precisely*" binding, in the case of a slipshod English cook!

"Pray, don't be late," observed the lawyer, as he was again about to close the door,—“for before the others come, I have a word to say to you respecting that pretty little ward of mine—poor Apollonia Hurst!”

And this time, he was gone in earnest.

Very much in earnest, too, became the man he left behind.—What could this intimation foreshew?—What possible right or title had he to the confidence of the perplexing guardian, touching his quondam charge, unless under her own sanction?—With what message or embassy had Sister Constanje charged the grave lawyer on his account?—Right thankful was he to have found so palatable a cud for his ruminations, to animate the monotony of his London loneliness; and on the Sunday in question, though beset at White's by the importunities of a whelpish lordling of the guards who fastened upon him for news with the voracity of a shark, he shook off friend and acquaintance, to rush home and dress for dinner; and, without even a relay of horses on the road, managed to be in Russell-square so "*precisely*" as the clock was striking half-past six, that, even in that punctual house, the drawing-room was solely in possession of the governess and the young ladies; all three looking as stiff as if stuffed with bran, so grievously were they oppressed by the presence of a lord who was neither King's Bench nor Woolsack.

A few minutes only had elapsed, however, before in hurried the excellent Attorney-general, smelling of lavender water and Windsor soap, like the Soho-square Bazaar; all friendliness and fuss, as when of old he used to drop in to breakfast in Halkin-street;—and lo! the two girls warmed up into a natural manner

the moment their father appeared, like the chilly earth cheered by an auspicious sunrise.

"I am heartily glad to see you;—Lady Mauley will be here directly," said he. "She appears to have reckoned too far on your proverbial unpunctuality. Between ourselves, I am not sorry for it; being most anxious to say a word to you about a new project of my eccentric little friend, which, but for your influence in the affair, I should be apt to tax as the most extravagant of the many strange steps she has taken. For I cannot doubt, my dear lord," continued the lawyer, glancing cautiously first at his daughters and then at his guest, "that, however demurely you assign the German Spas as the aim and end of your recent tour, you have visited this wrong-headed young woman by the way?—How, otherwise, am I to account for the sudden rekindling of an enthusiasm—to call it by no tenderer name—so long dormant?"

Lord Buckhurst was vexed to find himself growing excessively nervous. He managed, however, to reply with tolerable self-possession,—“As I was passing through Ghent, I certainly presented myself at the Beghynage.”

"I guessed as much!—I could have sworn it!" muttered Mauley. "Bless my soul! what heaps of flax are even the soberest of these wilful creatures.—After spending her whole life, too, in a convent!—Well, perhaps that may be the reason. Certain I am that one of my—a-hem!—You saw our little Apolblossom then?—And how was the poor dear girl looking?"

"I saw Sister Constanje the Beghyn, in whom I should have been much puzzled to trace a single lineament of your former ward," replied Lord Buckhurst, looking as dull and dry as the plaster-cast of a philosopher covered with dust, at the top of a book-case.

"And yet so little altered in reality," cried Mauley, "that, after all her experience of your indifference, or rather of your devotion to another, she has actually empowered me to draw out a deed of gift, and secure a portion of her estate to the value of sixty thousand pounds, in order to——"

"Mr. Rouseham!"—announced the puffy butler, throwing open the door for the admission of a little consequential atom of a man, who looked like a Lilliputian strayed into Brobdignag.

"One of the first men of the day,—an intelligence of very superior order," whispered Mauley, in a tone of solemn confidence, to his guest, hastening forward to meet the new-comer; who, insignificant as he was, affected to step down from a pedestal to the level of the company.

Lord Buckhurst heartily wished him upon it again,—in Westminster Abbey,—or the Tribune of Florence,—no matter where it might be his ambition to be set up;—so eager was he to be taken off the tenter-hooks on which his inexplicit friend had suspended him.—There was no hope, however!—A Mr. Higgin-



bottom now arrived, whom Mauley whispered aside to Lord Buckhurst to be a mirror of Atticism,—the finest scholar of the day;—and a minute afterwards, an individual shouldered his way into the room, who, from his uncouth, ungainly appearance, seemed to have been made by the carpenter. From his saturnine air, the experienced man of the world decided this to be the wag of the party. Nor was he mistaken.—Mr. Sylvanus Cox was the great original of half the stereotyped jokes of lesser London.

Lady Mauley, too, now occupied her fitting position on the sofa, instantly producing a fusion in the little circle, such as the emollient presence of a woman never fails to create. No chance, therefore, of another confidential word from his host, already deep in oriental politics with Mr. Rouseham, who denounced in such a menacing tone the faultiness of our foreign policy in general, and that of the east in particular, that small as he was, all present seemed to feel it lucky for Downing-street that a parish or two intervened between it and Russell-square.

After the turbulent exposition of the little great man's opinions, or rather delivery of his judgment, Lord Buckhurst, however pre-engrossed by his personal interests, could not refrain from a smile at the little thread of a voice in which the prodigious Mr. Higginbottom piped forth his prolix rejoinder, which sounded as though it proceeded from a linnet perched on his own colossal shoulder. It was like the tenth century pretending to argue with the twentieth; so thoroughly was Rouseham a man of the future, and Higginbottom of the past;—the head of the former being stuffed as full of impracticable theories, as the head of the latter with theories thoroughly exploded. Both were human anachronisms;—the Attic from being behind-hand with the century, the Fourierite from being in advance of it.—The intelligence of the one was an effort of memory; of the other, of conjecture.—The one abided in the tombs; the other in the clouds. Higginbottom still adhered to the Aristotelian philosophy; while Rouseham was a human touchstone, on whose credulity had been successively assayed all the bran new opathies and ologies of speculative Europe.

Sylvanus Cox, regarding the happy pair as two of the most advantageous butts of his acquaintance, was overjoyed at the prospect of shewing off their absurdities for the amusement of a fashionable lord;—while the host, the soundest-headed and soundest-hearted man of the party, prevented only by the simplicity of his heart and a certain want of tact arising from the limited nature of his circulation in the world from appearing in society as clever a man as he was an excellent lawyer, extracted what amusement or information he could from all or any of them, as the wise man is ever content to light his candle at that of a fool.

On the sociable table round which the half-dozen persons constituting the party now took their places, an excellent plain



dinner was served,—with an abundance of the best of those generous wines in which the lukewarm English take comfort under the afflictions of their climate;—Lord Buckhurst and the wit being placed on either side the lady of the house, and the political and literary pedants on either side their host.—

Thwarted in his hopes of obtaining fuller intelligence concerning the fair Beghyn, Lord Buckhurst took his revenge in surly silence; assuming much the abhorrent air that Louis XIV. must have worn when, in a fit of gallant condescension, one day at Neuilly, he permitted the Princesse de Conti and the Duchesse de Bourbon to send to the guard-house for pipes and tobacco, to try their skill at smoking; and, with his well-known hatred of unsavoury odours, sat by, in his royal pomp, inhaling the fumes of pigtail *dernière qualité*.—The wit of Sidney Smith or Rogers, would not have spurred him to a retort.—

Rouseham, who was one of the education-mad, had already opened his batteries in defence of his system.

“For my part,” Higginbottom ventured to observe, in reply to one of the petulant outbursts of the little enurgumen, his rival, “I confess it creates only a feeling of weariness and anxiety in my mind, when forced to contemplate the passing time as a field to be planted exclusively with oaks and aloes, to flourish a hundred years hence!—How is a man to find leisure for the cultivation of his own intellects, while perpetually busying himself about those of his great grand-children?”—

“Pho, pho, pho!”—interposed Sylvanus Cox. “The intellects of *some* men require *no* cultivation! Rouseham, for instance, was born F.R.S.,—like Minerva starting armed *cap-à-pie* from the brain of Jupiter!—Rouseham can afford to busy himself with the endowments of an auxiliary London university at Hong Kong.”

“An humbler man than myself may be permitted to fling his pebble on the cairn of Ignorance, upon whose summit is about to be erected the grand Temple of Universal Civilization,” observed Rouseham, fancying the scoffer in earnest.—“Let each of us do as much, and the grand pyramid will be accomplished. It was only yesterday, sirs, I received the thanks of my learned friend Dr. Anacharsis Squashimus, of New York, for the aid I have been able to lend in London to the promulgation of his admirable new system for the gradual emblanchment of the various coloured races of mankind; by the institution of model villages on the coasts of Africa with premiums for parti-coloured marriages, and annual prizes for the production of mulatto children in the first generation, quadroons in the second, and so forth. According to Dr. Anarcharsis Squashimus’s comprehensive calculations, it would require only one hundred and fifty years to extinguish the negro creation from the surface of the globe!”—

“Scouring out the blacks like blots from a careless copy!”

cried Sylvanus Cox.—“Bravissimo!—Dr. Squashimus’s system reminds me of the theory of beatitudes of a French novelist,—who believes in a succession of spheres; and that in the nearest next world to this, the happy couples of our own will be absorbed into one, which, finding a sympathetic self, in the following sphere, will become again absorbed; so that by the time each of us attains the sixth sphere, he will have become the sixty-fourth part of an angel; and so forth,—till the apex of the absorbent pyramid attains the feet of the divinity!—Think of the ineffable joys of the sphere of spheres, where one subsides into the infinitesimal portion of a sentient entity!”—

This was merely a tub thrown out for the benefit of that great whale, Hieroglyphic Rouseham.—But Lady Mauley looked grave, and the discussion re-subsided to earth.—

“It strikes me,” resumed the mild-voiced Patagonian, while the speculative philosopher was gravely ruminating on the Coxian theory of absorption, “that so far from deriving any present amelioration or aggrandizement from the far-sighted wisdom of the century, we are sensibly retrograding, in all that concerns letters and the arts.—The roaring of the furnace and bubbling of the crucible, seem to have superseded politer sounds; and in our zeal for Science, we reduce ourselves to the condition of the Cyclops.”—

Mr. Sylvanus Cox muttered some allusion to his eye, not intended to reach articulately so far as his noble opposite neighbour.

“I can scarcely imagine, my dear Higginbottom, what you would have!”—observed the lawyer, who was now carving a saddle of mutton with a degree of dexterity which a royal seneschal or the head waiter of a *table d’hôte* might have envied.—“We have singing for the million,—we have schools of design for the million,—we have new universities,—academies,—associations,—art-unions,—all for the million!”—

“The very thing I complain of!”—piped Higginbottom, peevishly.—“The field is over-cultivated.—As the influence of religion is observed to decline under the ascendancy of its priestly establishments, art is becoming extinguished under the false excitements created by predominant institutions.—The old masters painted and composed nobly, without the aid of any such stimulants; and while we perpetually belabour our contemporaries with the phrase of ‘working for posterity,’ I am convinced that one of the great correctives of the grander schools, was that they thought only of working for their contemporaries. There was not a painting extant in Raphael’s or Titian’s time, capable of inspiring them with a hope of commanding at the end of four centuries, twice the admiration they commanded in their born days. But the immediate return of fame and reward excited their genius to the utmost; whereas posterity is an equivocal tribunal, whose decrees must always be



conjectural, and whose applause the vanity of human nature fancies itself to have bespoken.”—

“A man must be fool-hardy, indeed, who, now-a-days, so abuses himself!” cried Rouseham. “*Who* can anticipate, even for a year, the virescence of his laurels?—At the prodigious rate of progress the Intelligence of Man has attained, a discovery of to-morrow, sir, may supersede the finest discovery of to-day.—Who now despairs of reaching the antipodes,—or the moon,—or the depths of the ocean?—Marvels quite as wondrous have been accomplished in our times.”—

“Aërial carriages, tunnels, and diving-bells have certainly conveyed us the first stage!”—said Mauley, with a smile.—“I say nothing of balloons, which seem to have subsided into an old-fashioned invention of the last century. But it strikes me that, in its progress up hill, a vehicle is sometimes in want of a pike-staff to rest upon!”—

“If these new inventions had any moral purpose,” observed the classic Higginbottom, “I could be content to see the world close its books and shut up its study as determinedly as it has done, in order to betake itself to the laboratory and the experimental. But all is whim-wham, and the pit is bottomless. We are not the better or the wiser for travelling thirty miles an hour; nor have all the Professors’ chairs ever instituted brought us two crops a-year, or so much as lowered the price of potatoes! What *I* call a valuable effort of the human mind is that which either ameliorates the condition of our fellow-creatures, or inspires them with philosophy to support it.”

“A truism worthy of the portico!” cried Sylvanus Cox, gravely.

“But the fact is,” resumed Higginbottom, “all these struggles after discovery are the result of rapacity. Though not the golden age, this an age of gold. If we do not waste our lives in searching after the philosopher’s stone, the labours of modern literature, art, and science have no other aim or object than the acquirement of means to maintain a place among the flutterers of the day, and vie with the ennobled Jews, who are the viceroy of modern Europe. The painter produces such pictures as will *sell*,—the sculptor such statues as will *sell*,—the horticulturist such flowers as will *sell*;—nay, the man of letters,—the poet,—the dramatist,—is intent only upon works that will *SELL*! While indulging in the cant of working for posterity, we study only the whims of the vulgar Millionaries, whom the golden speculations created by our colonial resources are constantly stranding like whales upon our shores.”

“*Very* like a whale!” muttered Sylvanus Cox, perceiving that, throughout the discussion, Lord Buckhurst had been engaged in conversation with Lady Mauley.

“And what effect do these saleable prettinesses, I ask you, produce upon the popular mind?” piped Higginbottom. “Fritter



its tastes to a still lower standard of degradation! After contemplating one of the grand designs of Caravaggio or Guercino, our notions of human nature become amplified. Whereas all these namby-pambyisms of annuals and vignettes,—all this squandering of intellect upon periodical literature——”

“Mere arabesques, sir,—mere meaningless embellishments of the grander objects and pursuits of the century!” interrupted Rouseham, galled out of all patience by the prolixity of his antagonist. “The age we live in, sir, has projects in hand which do not admit of that idolatry of art which can exist only in the inert and enervate condition of a country.”

“Nevertheless, the great masters of Italy lived in stirring times!” interposed Mauley.

“For my part, I look upon the fine arts and the vices of society as the product of the same luxurious idleness,” cried Rouseham. “Were the same powers of mind that produce an historical picture applied to any available purpose, Hans Holbein might have been a Fust,—Rubens, a Copernicus,—Kneller, a Newton,—Sir Joshua, a Watt,—and Wilkie, a Davy! But, thank Heaven, the misapplication of talent is nearly at an end! Machinery, sir—machinery will soon supersede all such waste of intellect. Wood is already admirably carved by mechanism; marble will follow. Photographic portraits and Daguerreotypes are beginning to content the aldermen’s wives; and now that the million can sing for their own amusement, they are becoming less frantic after concerts and oratorios. Mechanical organs are adopted in all but cathedral towns, in place of organists; and very soon, everything of that kind will be accomplished by wheels and cylinders!”

“Even arguments!”—added Sylvanus Cox, gravely, who, towards the close of the little man’s noisy harangue, had observed, *sotto voce*, for the benefit of Lord Buckhurst, as Diogenes used to observe under similar circumstances—“*γῆν ὤρω*”—“I see land.” “I do not despair of beholding a high-pressure debate carried on in parliament, while the honourable members are more than usually fast asleep on their benches!”

Lord Buckhurst, who, to conceal his utter want of sympathy with the disputants, had devoted himself throughout dinner to the amusement of Lady Mauley, with a sedulousness that would have been a virtue in a party of twenty but was a vice in a party of six, felt strangely relieved when, during the placing of dessert upon table, seats were ominously interposed between those of the host and hostess and their guests, for the use of the only cherubs to whom seats are available; and he perceived that a savage custom he had read of in books prevailed in the house of Mauley, of serving up the children with the ice and Savoy cakes. It was a choice of evils. But any species of prattle was preferable to the rigmarole of the modern mystics around him; which, as “true no meaning puzzles more than wit,” he did not even trouble

himself to unravel. In his capacity of the kindest and most indulgent of fathers, Mauley assumed a far nobler position in his eyes than as the Mæcenas of the St. Pancras philosophers.

On the other hand, by a gracious administration of dried cherries to one of the bright-eyed mermaids he had observed at the play, and a question or two to the other concerning the piece they had been supposed to see together, Lord Buckhurst not only obtained his pardon from both parents for his apathy during dinner, but determined Mauley to qualify the remarks he had premeditated concerning the infatuation of Apollonia.

"On second thoughts," said he, when, as they were taking coffee together, his noble guest reverted to the subject, "I do not feel justified in betraying the poor girl's weakness without her further sanction. Clearly discerning *her* object in the donation, I frankly own that I have written to remonstrate; representing to her that her intentions savour more of the flightiness of a Lady Rachel Lawrance than of a self-controlling Christian. For, after all, how can she be assured that an increase of fortune would promote the happiness of poor Gatty?—My wife, whose intentions are better than her judgment in such matters, probably created such an impression on her mind. At all events, the kindness being intended towards yourself, it was to yourself it had better have been secured."

"However," added Sir Thomas, interrupting himself on seeing Sylvanus Cox shouldering his way towards them, charged to the muzzle with a joke, "I have made up my mind not to disclose the secret even to Emma, till I receive a reply from our poor dear Beghyn; and must therefore not only decline answering further questions, but exact the same discretion, my dear lord, of yourself."

The following day, Lord Buckhurst was on his road into Wilts.—He was in hopes of having stolen a march upon the alligator!

## STANZAS.

BY MISS SKELTON.

"Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse!"

THEY ask if I remember *thee*!—  
Thou, who wast more than life to me—  
Thou, whose dark locks and eyes of light  
Are still before my waking sight—  
Thou, whose soft voice and accents deep  
Still haunt me in mine hours of sleep!

Not mine the tears that quickly flow,  
Nor mine the voice of ready woe,  
But deep within my silent breast  
It burns, and feeds its own unrest,  
Shadowing with its profound despair,  
All things that should be bright and fair.

Within this world of many woes,  
One flower for me in beauty rose—

One star of tender radiance shone—  
That flower is crush'd, that light is gone;  
All others beam in vain for me—  
In darkness I remember thee.

Love never can be mine again,  
But mem'ry I must still retain;  
She brings me back thy face so fair—  
Those laughing eyes, that waving hair—  
And breathes in my delighted ear,  
Tones that I never more shall hear.

Yet is my heart too high and proud  
To bare itself before the crowd—  
The world hath taught me to conceal  
What thou alone couldst bid me feel;  
And nothing it could give can be  
Dear as these memories of *thee*!



## A NIGHT WITH BURNS.

BY DR. SHELTON MACKENZIE, AUTHOR OF "TITIAN."

It is recorded that when Sir Walter Scott was a lad of fifteen, he saw Burns. "I may truly say, *Virgilium vidi tantum*," are his own words. Much more fortunate was Andrew Horner, who spent an evening in the poet's company, and—must I tell it?—then and there imbibed so much liquid, rather stronger than spring-water, that his head ached sorely the next morning.

Between fifty and sixty years ago, there flourished a worthy, in the city of Carlisle, who—bless the mark!—was smitten with the desire of fame; and not content with the dim and distant prospect of obtaining it by his humble occupation as a vendor of linen, adventurously fixed his glance on no less a mark than that pedestal whereon, "with a pencil of light," Renown has inscribed the names of the illustrious who have written themselves into earthly immortality.

Andrew Horner was the name of the wight who (in his own estimation) was worthy to break a lance with those proud heirs of fame who have gained the world's admiration. It is for antiquaries to ascertain what relation he bore to the renowned hero of the nursery-rhymes—he who eat his Christmas pie snugly "in a corner," and, (lucky dog!) had the good fortune to "pull out a plum" every now and then.

Leaving that question to the research of the Dryasdusts, let us continue our story.—Andrew Horner had reached the sage age of three-score, ere he had fully made up his mind in what manner he should astonish the public. He determined, at last, to "witch the world with noble"—*not* horsemanship, but rhymes. Like many men, before, in, and since his day, he mistook the aspiration for the ability—the wish for the power to write. Thus do we constantly see practical illustrations of the frog trying to swell to the size of the lordly bison, and thus have we been afflicted with manifold imitations of the better brethren of the quill—the Scotts, the Bulwers, the Levers, the Ainsworths, the Dickenses, the Jameses,—in which, like the Chinese artists, the copyists give every defect with remarkable fidelity, but invariably contrive *not* to give the grace, the expression, and the freshness which breathe life into the originals!

Sundry quires of what he courteously and complacently called poetry, were written by Mr. Horner. These he read to such of his customers as he could prevail upon to listen. When he lacked this "audience, fit though few," he was wont to read his effusions aloud, *ore rotundo*, for his own edification; and, if he was in a particularly pleasant and placid vein, he would send for a neighbour, who had brightened his intellect by making the tour of England—as candle-snuffer and bill-sticker for sundry theatrical and erratic companies—and bribe him, with a gill of whisky or a mutchin of ale, to listen to the mellifluous rhymes which their author monotonously poured out—like a child pouring a thin stream of muddy water into a bottomless vessel. Andrew Horner's *amour propre* would be gratified, ever and anon (between gulps), with such interjectional remarks, as "Gude—vera gude!"—"Real fine rhymes!"—"Excellent!—ma faith, Shakspeare



ne'er wrote sick po'try as that!" But, by the time the fluids were disposed of, the listener usually fell into a calm sleep. Whatever other merits or demerits they possessed, it was pretty obvious that Mr. Andrew Horner's rhymes were of a *composing* nature;—the art of writing such has not died with him.

The proverb which tells us that a prophet has no honour in his own country, is equally true when applied to poets. The good people of Carlisle have never been *too* discerning, and, indeed, it is rather a recommendation than otherwise for a man, among them, to be somewhat of a dullard. They were as blind to literary merit in 1785, as they are in 1843, or as they have been in any year of grace since Paley cast too much light upon their mental obscurity. Is it wonderful, then, that Horner shared the common doom?—that he gained, at best, the dubious distinction of being sneered at as a half-witted rhymester, or positively condemned for the folly of neglecting his business for his verses?

How could a soul like his be "cabined, cribbed, confined," in the dull city of Carlisle? What more natural than that,

"Aspiring upwards—like a star,"

it should seek a more extended range—a wider sphere of action. What more obvious than that this should be gained by the then important, but now common step—publication!

Andrew Horner read his own poems for the thousandth time,—worked himself once more, and for ever, *out* of his lingering doubts and *into* the heart of his old conviction, that they were truly exquisite, and then magnanimously resolved to—print them.

It is faithfully recorded, in one of the gossiping memoirs of the time, that Henri the Fourth of France once entered a small town, and was met at the gate by the mayor and corporation, with a right loyal address—that is, an address in which the reigning monarch is told, even as his predecessors were told, in the most sycophantic terms, that he is all but a God upon earth; "next door to a cherubim," in short, like Master Wackford Squeers. "May it please your most august and sacred majesty," added the chief representative of municipal wisdom, "we would have saluted you with cannon, according to ancient custom, but for seventeen reasons:—the first is, your majesty, we have not got any cannon——" "That will do," hastily interrupted the king, as he gave spur and rein to his charger, "I excuse the remaining sixteen reasons." In like manner—oh, gentlest of all gentle readers—could we enumerate a great variety of circumstances which, unfortunately, prevented Andrew Horner's having his book printed at Carlisle. The first was that, in the year 1785, there actually was not a printing-office in that ancient city. Perhaps, like the French king, you will "excuse the other sixteen reasons."

The nearest place, at that time, where he could have his book creditably brought out, was the good city of Glasgow—then, as now, famous for the punch-making and punch-bibbing powers of its worthy inhabitants.

To Glasgow, therefore, Andrew went. It was quite "the poet's pilgrimage." There he speedily learned that the expense of printing and publishing was no trifle; but, then, what was a little money—nay,

what was a great deal of it, in the balance against his immortal fame! Although not actually a Scot by birth, our friend was "too far north" to close any bargain on the instant with the Glasgow bibliopole, but left it pending, or, as he would say, "hanging betwixt and between." His mind was too enlarged to be made up, like a travelling-bag or a prescription, "at a moment's notice;" he had to consider, on his way back to Carlisle, what number of copies it would be proper to print. On the moderate calculation that there certainly must be at least *one* lover of poetry in every parish in England and Scotland, (to say nothing of that part of the kingdom called Ireland, and the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed,) his original idea was for a small impression of—ten thousand copies. The more prudent bookseller recommended the *maximum* to be a paltry five hundred, and, when Andrew had the estimates before him, he was fain to confess that it might be as well, perhaps, not to venture upon thousands until the sale of hundreds would furnish the means of paying expenses.

Andrew Horner—like an Indianaman from Calcutta, or Barney Rior-dan, when he met the American liner far out at sea—was "homeward bound" when he came to the principal hostelrie in the ancient town of Ayr; not very far from which is Mossgiel, the farm held by Robert Burns at the date of this anecdote, and where, if *he* lost some money, the world gained the fine poetry which—in a continuous, deep, and flashing stream—flowed to his pen, from his heart, during his residence there.

It never was ascertained *why* Mr. Andrew Horner took such a detour to the west as Ayr—some thirty miles out of the direct road from Glasgow to Carlisle; but poets have odd fancies, sometimes, and poetasters, having the organ of imitation very strong, affect to be discursive, in the hope that oddity (copper-gilt) may be mistaken for the sterling metal of originality.

It was a fine evening in September, 1785, when the redoubtable Andrew Horner entered the common room of the inn at Ayr. Some half-dozen ranting, roaring, dashing young fellows—fond of their glass and joke—were sitting down to dinner as he entered, exactly "in the nick of time." Room was immediately made for him. The oldest occupant in the room took the chair, according to the inn-usage "within the memory of the oldest inhabitant," and, by the contrary rule, Andrew Horner was made vice-president, by virtue of his being the most recent arrival.

We may take it for granted that, what Mr. Carlyle would call "the remarkablest" justice, was executed upon all the viands. The cloth being removed, the chairman gave "the king." It was Andrew's turn next; and, in the customary routine, he should have given "the queen and royal family;" but, much to the surprise and amusement of the company, he started on his legs, made a vehement speech "*de omnibus rebus*" (which, being interpreted, does *not* mean a rebus in an omnibus, as we once heard a blue-stocking translate it!)—branching off to London politics and Cumberland potatoes—glancing at William Pitt, the boy-minister of that day, and Lord Thurlow's gracious manner—gliding into a dissertation upon salmon-fishing and Irish linen; and, by a nice gradation, introducing a lengthy eulogy of the British poets, with a modest allusion to his own metrical merits. So intent was he on the subject, that he plumped down into his chair, at the end, without having proposed any toast whatever.



The wit who presided had a very particular and pleasant *penchant* for fun. Therefore, no sooner had Horner resumed his seat, than the chairman—with a gravity of manner which deceived no one but his self-satisfied and unconscious butt, intimated that it would be no more than decorous to drink the health of the eminent literary character whose society they were then fortunately enjoying. After a few more compliments, the hyperbole of which was exquisitely ludicrous, he proposed “The Poets of Great Britain, and Mr. Horner, their worthy representative.”

Such a toast could only be drank “with all the honours”—an infliction which invariably makes me envy a deaf man. Horner, of course, responded, as best he could. His speech would have been very Ciceronian, no doubt, but that the orator had the misfortune to stammer. However, he stuttered out his thanks—the unusual excitement having much augmented his natural infirmity—and though he said little, that little, owing to his defective utterance, was like Chateaubriand, Buckingham, Francis Ainsworth, or any other traveller to far climes—it *went a great way*.

So copiously was he fed with flattery and punch that, ere the second bowl of the latter was exhausted, Andrew Horner had mounted on a table (by special desire), and, with great emphasis, read for his new friends sundry extracts from what he loved to call his “poetic poems.” Much mock applause followed this exhibition, and more than ever did he believe that *he* was predestined to revive fine poetry in the land.

To carry on the joke yet further, and “fool him to the top of his bent,” a critical dispute was commenced as to the relative merits of each poem which the company had heard. At last, one gentleman hinted, with a show of independence, that their guest might not be such a *very* mighty bard as they imagined. Horner’s mettle was up immediately, and, with as much warmth as modesty, he defended himself. His opponent affected to be yet more critical, and fully aroused Andrew’s indignation by exclaiming, “Tut, mon! there’s a lad near by wha wud mak mair pomes in a day than yoursel’ cud compose, as ye call it, in a month o’ Sundays!”

Extremely indignant at this imputation on his bardship, Andrew rashly backed himself against the field. A wager was immediately offered, taken, and booked, as to the result of a trial of poetic strength between Andrew Horner and this “lad near by,” who was put forward as his opponent. It was resolved to bring the matter to a conclusion on that night, if possible. It must be confessed—but this, of course, is merely hinted to our readers, in the “most private and confidential” manner imaginable—that as Andrew had hastily made the bet, and as hastily repented having done so, his forlorn hope lay in the fancied impossibility of meeting his poetic opponent that night, as it now was waxing late. His firm intention was to quit Ayr at dawn of day, and thus gallop out of the responsibility he had rashly incurred.

But his companions well knew—what he, alas! did not—that the Ayr freemasons held their monthly sitting that night, and that the young poet whom they sought was then actually in the house with that goodly fraternity—he being one of the “brethren of the mystic tie.” They called him out, briefly explained the ludicrous circumstances of the case, and had no difficulty in persuading him to enter the lists against the Carlisle bardling.

The stranger-poet entered the room, and Andrew Horner could see, at a glance, that he was no common man. At that time, his age was about some six-and-twenty years. His form was vigorous rather than robust. He was well made, and very strongly set together. His height was rather above the middle size; but a slight stoop of the neck, such as may frequently be noticed in men who follow the plough, (and in Scotland, at that time, few farmers were above doing their own business,) took somewhat from his stature. His complexion was dark—swarthy, indeed; and his features might be called massive rather than coarse. But his face was any thing but common; in repose, it had the contemplative, melancholy look which so often indicates the presence of high imagination; and when he spoke, (often with a sharp, and frequently with a witty, or boldly eloquent remark,) there was a preponderance of intelligence—of genius, in his aspect and its expression such as Lavater would have been happy to behold. His broad pale brow was shaded by dark hair, with rather a curl than a wave. His voice was particularly sweet, yet manly and sonorous. But the chief charm of a very remarkable countenance lay in his eyes, which were large, dark, and beautifully expressive. They literally seemed to glow when he spoke with feeling or interest. When conversation excited him, as it often did, they kindled up until they all but lightened.

Such was the young man now introduced to Andrew Horner, and whose very glance subdued him, amid the flush of his Bacchanalian revelries, into a feeling of his own insignificance. It might have been as much by accident as design that the stranger was not introduced by name. At that time, indeed, he had achieved only a local reputation. In a short time after, he was acknowledged as one of the most eminent and brilliant men his country ever produced,—how did that country reward his genius!

He readily joined in the conversation, and did not allow the cup to pace the table "like a cripple," to use one of Christopher North's memorable expressions. His language, if sometimes careless, was always vigorous; and it was very evident that, whatever his education might have been, his mental powers were great. There are men who achieve greatness without "the dust of the schools," making cobwebs in their minds, and such would probably dwindle into common-place persons if they had all the advantages of education. They become original thinkers and doers, precisely because they have had to teach themselves. At the head of this class may be placed the Ayrshire poet.

It required little pressing to get him to sing several songs of his own composition; and the unfortunate Andrew Horner had sense enough to perceive that, either for stinging satire or touching pathos, these lyrics were inimitable.

Having sate with them for some time, he made a shew of retiring, when they insisted that he should allow the wager to be decided, by competing, in poetry, with Andrew. With well-acted humility, he declined what he called "the certainty of defeat;" and so real seemed his disinclination for the contest, that Andrew Horner fancied he was actually afraid to enter into the competition, so that, urged on by the insidious advice of some of those around him, he asked the stranger,



in the exulting tone and manner of anticipated triumph, to have one trial, at least. The challenge could not, in honour, be declined; and, with apparent and well-acted doubt of its result, it was accepted.

An epigram was the subject chosen, because, as Andrew internally argued, "it is the shortest of all poems." In compliment to him, the company resolved that his own merits should supply the theme.

He commenced—

"In seventeen hunder thretty-nine"—

and he paused. He then said, "Ye see, I was born in 1739, [the real date was some years earlier,] so I mak' that the commencemen'."

He then took pen in hand, folded his paper with a conscious air of authorship, squared himself to the table, like one who considered it no trifle even to write a letter, and slowly put down, in good round hand, as if he had been making out a bill of parcels, the line—

"In seventeen hunder thretty-nine;"

but beyond this, after repeated attempts, he was unable to advance. The second line was the Rubicon he could not pass.

At last, when Andrew Horner reluctantly admitted that he was not quite in the vein, the pen, ink, and paper, were handed to his antagonist. By him they were rejected, for he instantly gave the following, *vivâ voce* :—

"In seventeen hunder thretty-nine,  
The Deil gat stuff to mak' a swine,  
And pit it in a corner;  
But, shortly after, changed his plan,  
Made it to something like a man,  
And called it Andrew Horner!"

The subject of this stinging stanza had the good sense *not* to be offended with its satire, cheerfully paid the wager, set to for a night's revelry with his new friends, and thrust his poems between the bars of the grate, when "the sma' hours" came on to four in the morning. As his poetic rival then kindly rolled up the hearth-rug, in a quiet corner of the room, to serve as a pillow for the vanquished rhymester—then, literally, a *carpet* knight—the old man, better prophet than poet, exclaimed, "Hoot, mon, but ye'll be a great poet yet!"

Answer, O nations, whether the prediction was fulfilled? In a few months after, a volume of poems was published from the press of John Wilson, of Kilmarnock—the author was a peasant by birth, a poet by inspiration. Coarse was the paper on which these poems were printed, and worn was the type. But the poems themselves were of that rare class which the world does not willingly let die. The fame of their author has flown, far and wide, throughout the world. His genius and his fate have become "at once the glory and the reproach of Scotland." That author was the same who, in a sportive mood, made an epigram upon poor Andrew Horner. His name was—ROBERT BURNS.

## LOVE AND A LICENCE.

## A Tale of Pudding-lane.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD, AUTHOR OF "RICHARD SAVAGE," "THE SOLITARY," ETC.

## PART THE FIRST.

THERE never, since marriage was counted respectable,  
 Lived a couple, to Hymen more truly delectable,  
 Than were Gregory Newman and she he call'd *uxor* ;—  
 In him she was blest, ma'am, and he was in luck, sir ;  
 (If that line is abrupt and obscure, I indeed err  
 Not to state 'tis address'd to both sexes of reader ;)  
 Well, so fitted were they to each other, so pat  
 In their likes and dislikes of this, t'other, and that ;  
 In short, so harmonious, so complaisant, (which is,  
 The Dunmow folks tell me, the way to gain fitches,)  
 That domestic felicity, which had long brooding lain,  
 Caught light from their fire, and pervaded all Pudding-lane.

Our Newman was wealthy ; nor need it surprise,  
 That a merchant of oranges gets the supplies ;  
 And when profits accrue and are duly invested,  
 And trade goes on well as it e'er at the best did,  
 Then will fortune, thus foster'd, comparison suit  
 With the orange-tree, bearing both blossom and fruit.  
 (An old image, but 'faith, I was sadly put to't,  
 To see if I couldn't, by hook or crook, get tick,  
 Like my betters, for being a trifle poetic.)

Now fortunes, 'tis known, may be squander'd or hoarded,  
 As one man may be silly, another be sordid ;  
 And when an old miser dies, very few care  
 Should his cash be misspent by the profligate heir ;  
 Who knows whence 'twas got ? when 'tis gone, who asks where ?  
 But Newman was none of your soulless collectors  
 Of money, who puzzle our moral dissectors,  
 And who, when these surgeons with scalpel and cautery,  
 Have slash'd every limb, and have burnt every artery,  
 Skip off from the board, each base self-seeking chap, and  
 Walk off to the Bank as though nothing had happen'd.

No ; Gregory Newman was one of those cits,  
 Who could bear losses firmly, could chuckle o'er hits,  
 Could "sell and repent," could cry "done," or cry "quits ;"  
 An excellent cit, who had always been able,  
 To keep a good heart, steady friends, and a table,  
 Which though it might groan with haunch, baron, or sirloin—  
 Had guests ever round it whose mirth nought could purloin ;  
 Wherefore, if he got rich, 'twas by fair honest dealing,  
 Left and right hand as true as the floor to the ceiling ;  
 By a liberal conduct in every relation ;—  
 And his wealth—not to make any more botheration—  
 Which he'd gain'd in the lane that runs down towards the water,  
 He intended to leave to Miss Harriet his daughter.

Miss Harriet—I'm sorry I can't wield the pencil  
 To give you a sketch of her—was in no sense ill-  
 Regarded by those, who best knew, from long seeing,  
 The head and heart points of her rational being.  
 By these she was said to be clever, and this stress  
 I must lay, she'd had a most worthy schoolmistress,  
 Who taught her to twirl round the globe called celestial,  
 Till she learn'd that the great bear was not really bestial ;



Urged her on in geography, coursing through maps,  
 Till she knew (how that study attention entraps!)  
 That the Isle of Wight Newport, was not Newport Pagnell;  
 These, with wading through Murray, and Pinnock, and Magnall,  
 Music, dancing, and *Telemague*, written by Fenelon,  
 Form'd a girl with resources to cheer her up when alone.

Is this all I can say of her? No; there's much more  
 Had I space, but my limits forbid; yet, encore—  
 (Encore with "the gods," and ye high powers, I duck to ye,  
 Means not "that song again," but "another, good luck to ye;")  
 So, once more—our young Harriet could sew like the "Missis"  
 Of that cunning old Greek, whom she thought gloomy Dis's  
 Long before he came home, and whose name was Ulysses.  
 She was lovely as Tasso's Erminia, (tame girl in Hoole!)  
 Could paint roses on velvet, and work cats in Berlin wool;  
 Could dress with some taste, knit a purse to a rarity;  
 And, what's better, could open it freely to charity;  
 Had an aspect a painter were troubled to limn,  
 With a bright eye which, tearful, was tenderly dim;  
 Vain a *leetle*—not proud—had some art, but more nature,—  
 In short, was a very good loveable creature.

'Tis sad—but the thing is so commonly done,  
 That reflection upon it 's as well let alone—  
 When a father, in all other matters affectionate,  
 Thinks his daughter must love, or at his cool direction hate,  
 Just the man he points out; and if Miss raise an—"O, papa!"  
 She's told with a base roar, she'll soon find she's no papa;  
 And can no more be heard, while fierce lightning his eye shoots,  
 Than a linnet would be in that grim scene of Freischutz.  
 'Tis sad, did I say, and our thoughts must eschew it—  
 'Tis atrocious; and he who would callously do it,  
 Is a wretch; but my feelings aroused I'm afraid of—  
 But I'd like to ask Buckland what clay that man's made of?

For who, though a parent, dare make sure of Hickson,  
 When his daughter has set heart and soul upon Dixon?  
 Or insist upon close-fisted Bainbridge or Metcalfe,  
 If the girl loves a prodigal great as e'er ate calf?  
 No; just in the ratio a daughter is beautiful,  
 Is she in love-matters averse from the dutiful.  
 'Tis in vain the old gentleman cries up stiff suitors,  
 Who've been brought up so well that they look like their tutors;  
 Young rigid disciples of Gresham and Cocker,  
 With faces that frighten, and speeches that shock her;  
 Expounders of "main chance," of prudence upholders;  
 In brief, those "nice" youths with old heads on young shoulders.  
 Miss endures not the beau, should he chance "take her out,"  
 Whose old head condemns what his heels are about;  
 Who at play, or at party, of pleasure would rob her—viz.,  
 By constantly shaking that plaguy wise nob of his;  
 Still less can she bear this prim thing of formalities,  
 If she loves some one else, though without his good qualities—  
 Some handsome young fellow who, when he first sees her,  
 Makes known that her eye to his heart is a teaser;  
 Who, at every fresh meeting looks paler and paler,  
 With a face grown as long as the bill of his tailor.  
 What though he be poor, (vulgo, hasn't the "tin,")  
 Just look at "the tip" on his classical chin;  
 Though ten times his income, as sure as Old Scratch he owes,  
 Yet, what eyes! what a figure! what loves of mustachios!

Thus, love, wise or not, thinks its own is the true man;  
 And this brings us back to our worthy friend Newman,

Who, though not the dad whom above we've been trouncing,  
Was yet very partial to prose and pronouncing;  
Talk'd of "men to his mind," "a fair match," and the rest;  
Thought—but wasn't quite sure, that he OUGHT to know best;  
Hinted Dykes—his high qualities, prospects, and then,  
Bade his daughter obey, and consult Mrs. N.,  
Whereas, Smith—poor dear Smith! but she wish'd not to marry yet,  
So she said, (what a fib!) was the man for our Harriet.

Mr. Priminheere Dykes—the sole son of his father,  
Was a very good youth, and was good-looking, rather;  
But so tall and so thin, that bold girls oft would slaughter  
His feelings, (O, shame on each Billingsgate daughter!)  
By likening him unto a "yard of pump-water."  
And, inspired by the comic muse, boys in a high key,  
Would remark, "there's a lamp-post a toddlin', oh, crikey!"  
These scoffs, hard to bear by the best and the wisest,  
As we've hinted, he did not enjoy with a high zest.  
No; they superinduced such devotion to business,  
That, if ever solemnity harbour'd in phiz, in his  
It dwelt, and with such a grave sadness, that people  
Thought they saw at once in him a parson and steeple.  
But business he did not permit to engross  
His whole time, to his mind and his intellect's loss.  
No; twice a week Prudence cried out to him, "hie hence  
To the Pallas—that hall of *belles lettres* and science;  
There, rising superior to ignorant asses,  
Learn the gift of the gab, and the nature of gases;  
Pry into retorts and cylindrical glasses,  
And enlist yourself pupil in each of the classes;  
Hear the learned professor, whose hair's so well curl'd,  
That 'twould not stand on end at an end to the world,  
With a shirt snowy white, to be soil'd by a speck loth,  
And a stiff stand-up collar, and well got-up neckcloth.  
Hear him hold forth, I say," (so said Prudence,) "and profit;"  
And he did so—I wish him the benefit of it.

Nor was this all: his mind and his soul to recruit,  
He made his occasional solace his flute;  
But not much at a sitting—his lungs were too tender;  
For Shakspeare was wrong—"Flute" is *no* "bellows-mender;"  
And sometimes dropt in upon Newman, (who hail'd him  
As a listener, whose pow'r of endurance ne'er fail'd him,)  
There to utter at intervals, not loud but deep sighs,  
And out of a calf's head, as Swift says, cast sheeps' eyes;  
There to drink draughts of love, and to nourish his body  
With draughts of his host's super-excellent toddy,  
Till sometimes he felt as though, raised by these stocks o' gin,  
A learned professor had fill'd him with oxygen.

What a pity it was (yet, confusion betide him!  
'Twas in part his own fault) Harriet couldn't abide him.  
He was really a good-natured fellow, inclined  
To make any girl happy he found of a mind  
To take him for better, for worse, goods and chattels;  
(How good Mrs. Ellis of men like these prattles!)  
But young Dykes was at all times, though topics were plenty,  
"*Egregii mortalem altique silenti*;"  
Like one on each subject compell'd to stand neuter,  
Or a mute from a door brought up-stairs to be muter,  
The very worst fault can pertain to a suitor.  
And 'twas fatal to Priminheere Dykes's cause, *sith*  
No Trappist was gay Maximilian Smith.  
A good-looking young fellow, as ever with stalk,  
Paraded high heels on the Custom House walk;



As ever with whisper, so secret and dear,  
 Just flutter'd the curl at a young lady's ear ;  
 As e'er with assurance, which some call audacity,  
 Made love perfectly clear to the meanest capacity.  
 He was poor (and the fact he was often remarking)  
 As the poorest church mouse within All-hallows, Barking ;  
 But the temple of Hymen, he ventured to hint,  
 Was a building by no means attach'd to the mint,  
 Nor was love a vile cad of the omnibus rank,  
 Bawling out through life's thoroughfare nought but "Bank ! Bank !"

This was all very well ; but Smith just as well knew,  
 Though the daughter might say, "to be sure," "that's quite true,"  
 With her father such reasoning by no means would do ;  
 So, though Newman's acquaintance might be vastly pleasant,  
 'Twas a pleasure he thought fit to waive for the present.  
 Avoiding the chance of a fatherly *skrimmage*,  
 He contented himself by impressing his image,  
 On the heart of Miss Harriet at meetings clandestine,  
 Array'd in such garb as he thought he look'd best in.

Moons on moons roll'd away (I'm not certain, but there are,  
 I think, words like these in the poem of "Lara") ;  
 During which, in a manner that no one much likes,  
 When the theme doesn't please, Newman spoke of young Dykes ;  
 And so often his merits and virtues ran o'er,  
 That he made himself really a bit of a bore.

Stifling every objection with "Fiddle-de-dee, Miss ;  
 "You *shall* have him ;" "I *will* be obey'd ;" "Don't tell me, Miss ;"  
 Till Harriet's hopes were at last in *extremis* ;  
 And she hated poor Priminheere, grimmest of grim men !  
 With a bitterness passing the hatred of women,  
 And care and disease lodged her once rosy cheek in,  
 And her mother discover'd the dear child was "peaking,"  
 Took her husband to task (though she really liked Priminheere),  
 And said, "Newman, you must not attempt to bring him in here,  
 If he makes the girl ill ; and I wonder you can see  
 So much in the lad—it is merely your fancy.  
 And you, really—now, Gregory, don't be pigheaded—  
 You really quite tease her about being wedded ;  
 And she's ill, as it is—a fine thing, when one is sick,  
 For Tomkins—that man does so throw in the physic."  
 This, and much more she urged, with a proper infusion  
 Of "dears" and "come now's," though a startling allusion  
 Escaped the good wife, when she said, in conclusion  
 (And this was well-timed his best feelings to call up),  
 "That the girl, on Death's pale horse, would be off at full gallop,  
 If he didn't his own furious hobby-horse baffle,  
 By riding the obstinate beast with a snaffle."

All this had its effect, though 'twas first "Pshaw !" and "Stuff !"  
 Yet soon he saw reason to cry, "True enough !"  
 Threw his arms round his helpmate, and "murder'd her ruff."  
 (I mean,—not to quote from our sweet swan of Avon,—  
 He "tumbled" the kerchief his wife chanced to have on ;)  
 Swore by powers mysterious (such as "jingo" and "goles,")  
 That he loved his girl's happiness dear as his soul's ;  
 That she should not have Prim (so they call'd him for brevity),  
 Though the lad was a rare one, without that vile levity,  
 Which disgraces the young men "of these times" and "this age,"  
 If her heart was not won by his virtues and visage.

## THE TOMBS OF THE EAST.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

THE social attentions paid by the multitude to the graves of their relatives or friends, as portrayed in the more humble tombs characteristic of a country, as well as the respect or gratitude of a nation ambitiously manifested in those gorgeous structures, which more generally attract the attention of travellers, are equally worthy of philosophical contemplation, whether as indicative of the state of art, or of the direction of thought, among people differing in modes of feeling and action from what we are familiar with.

Viewed simply as to their architectural merits, the tombs of the Mohammedans are not only inferior to what are met with in the Christian world, but also in many respects to the more ancient pagan sepulchral monuments, which are scattered over the same countries; but, viewed in relation to the direction given to thought, in their objects and positioning, and the associations which are made as it were to invest and encompass them, they present much that is deeply interesting, and which fully entitles the country of Islamism to the distinction it has long obtained, of being the land of poetry in sepulchres. There is indeed, generally speaking, more of truth and morality, and consequently of poetry, which should always be truth and morality, in the position and associations of a tomb in the east, as well as in its faithfully observed sanctity of isolation, than in the west; and while the elementary style and forms have never assumed the development which so peculiarly belongs to Christian architecture, it is impossible not to see in that style a step in the progress of the human mind, led as it was by Muhammedanism as well as by Christianity, to the knowledge of one God, but stopping short at that imperfect revelation, and remaining like the idea itself, without ever making an additional step towards that architectural perfection which is presented to us in the consummate beauty of conception and execution of those religious structures which have been justly characterized as significant of the new hopes and aspirations that opened upon the mind with the dawn of Christianity.

The sepulchres of the Osmanli Sultans stand first among the oriental mausoleums, and yet they are rather houses of the dead than tombs, properly speaking. The original after which they are built is the common oriental Kumbet, or dome, to be described hereafter; but the supporting walls are either circularly disposed, or polyhedral, having six or eight faces, with windows and gilded frame-works. They are also lofty, well-built, and of good proportions; but the imperial, or Saracenic dome, tapering to the top, and more than usually spread out below, as we see in the great mausoleum at Delhi, is not common in Constantinople, where the forms are Byzantine, or what is now, I believe, called Roman.

These turbehs, as sepulchres of the first class are called, are chiefly within the precincts of the selatins, or royal mosques, and are generally accompanied with prostyle or court and vestibule, only that



instead of columns we have lifeless walls or railings; but the rich carpets and ottomans with which they are adorned in the interior, the colossal wax tapers and lustres suspended from the roof, the splendidly illuminated copies of the Koran on low *prie dieux* for the faithful, and the elegant canopy of silk which covers the dead, surmounted by the head-dress of the period, combine to dispel all feelings of repugnance which might otherwise be experienced in sitting or praying in the same apartment with so many mouldering corpses.

The splendid mosque, called that of Suleiman, at Constantinople, was erected by that monarch as a memorial of the grief experienced for the death of his eldest son, Muhammed. The coffin containing the remains of this prince lies by the side of that of Sultan Selim, on whose tomb is the proud epitaph—"On this day Sultan Selim passed to an eternal kingdom, leaving the empire of the world to Suleiman." The tombs of other sultans are also attached to the various mosques which they constructed or embellished. The tombs of the earlier sultans are at their first seat of power, Brusa; but it is a disputed question if Osman, the founder of the dynasty, lies at Shugút, his first principality, or at the conquest of Orchan. The bones of the second of the dynasty lie in the mosque of Daoud Monasteri, formerly a Byzantine church in the capital of Bithynia, and Bajazet erected a mausoleum of white marble at the same place over the remains of Amurath the First. This unfortunate sultan, who also lies buried in Brusa, is said to have preserved carefully, through the whole course of his life, the dust which, in his expeditions, stuck to his clothes; and in his last hours he conjured the by-standers, with direful imprecations, to make a large brick of it, and place it in his tomb, under his right arm, instead of a cushion, adding, he always regarded the Hadiz, or inspired saying—"If any man's feet have been sprinkled with the dust in the path of the Lord, him will God preserve from hell fire."

The mausoleum of the late reforming sultan, is among the few that are without the precincts of a mosque. It has its court, garden, vestibule, and prostyle, with marble walls, and a richly gilded portal and railings. By the side of the gate are two terrestrial globes, elevated on pedestals, and intended to remind the Osmanlis that their sultan, as Commander of the Faithful, was Emperor of the World.

Passing out of Cairo to the eastward, the traveller is at once in the Desert. No trees—no cultivated fields; not a shrub, nor a blade of grass is to be seen. As far as the eye can reach is a sea of sand. There are no suburbs to this side of the town, as to the eastward of Baghdad,—the sand has extended its desolations to the gates. This dreary region, which seems to abhor vegetation and life, has been appropriately devoted to the dead; and the tombs of more than a thousand years cover this immense space, and have at the distance the appearance of a deserted town. Further in the desert are the sumptuous monuments of the Mamelukes. Quadrangles of twenty, thirty, or forty feet square, built of white marble, and surmounted by chaste and elegant cupolas or domes, or graceful columns, whose light and airy ascent is not interrupted by the weight they support. Still further on are the tombs of the Khalifs, attached, like the tombs of the sultans, to vast mosques with splendid domes and lofty elaborately-ornamented menarehs.

Many superb mosques arise over or near to the tombs of the great and holy men throughout the whole land of Islamism. Such are the mosques of Mecca and Medinah, and those of the Seljukian Sultans of Rum, at Koniye, more especially that of Sultan Ala ad din, the style and decorations of which are very beautiful, and constitute graceful and finished specimens of Saracenic architecture. Near Baghdad is the magnificent mosque of Kazimein, "the two repressors of their wrath," Husein and Ali. Its gilded cupola and tall minarehs of glazed tiles and bricks of various colours, rise above a dense grove of date trees, and, seen from the level plain around, constitute truly splendid objects. The tombs of these prophets of the Shiites or Persians, are, however, at Kerbelah and Kufah. In the tomb of Zobeide, the celebrated wife of Harun al Rashid, near the same city—with its hexagonal walls and pine-apple spire, its pointed horse-shoe arches, its rich tracery and fretwork in the most exquisite taste, beautifully ornamented with arabesques—we have a true specimen of the best forms of the Saracenic, which we find repeated in some of the tombs at Akserai, and in the Mejid tash, or holy stone, at Changri, a monument of the time of the Eyubite Sultans, the successors of Saladin. The city of the Khalifs still boasts of seven large mosques, attached to the shrines of holy men; but the Selatin, or cathedral mosque of the Khalifs, has been destroyed, with the exception of a curious but rather clumsy minareh.

Next to the turbehs, or tombs of the first class, come the Iman Zadeh's, or sepulchral chapels, in honour of saints, which are very common around all great oriental cities. The original of both the first and second class of these edifices is the same—the simple dome common to all Islamism. There is, or can be, therefore, little architectural pretensions in such buildings. The rows of columns of the early Christian chapels are here totally wanting, and are replaced by a parallelogram of four more or less lofty walls. It is true that there is not the heavy motionless architrave of the Christian edifices, such being supplanted by the arch in its next to highest development of a dome, and thus the principles of the basilica, so frequent in the east, may be said to be reversed; the light and elegant row of columns being replaced by solid walls, while, on the other hand, the heavy architrave of the basilica is converted into a dome; but what is gained by the architrave is more than lost in the rigid, lifeless mass of wall which constitutes the mass of the building. To these imams are often attached lateral buildings, which are made the residence of a dervish, who gains his livelihood by his attendance upon his predecessor, and who will probably be entombed after death where he has been all his life-time. At times, the simple object attended to is a place of prayer, left open before the tomb. This is the most simple form of a sepulchral chapel. It may increase in size till it becomes a mesjid, or mosque, with its regular attached functionaries of mutawelli, or guardian, priest (imam), cryer (muezin), and kayim, or person who sweeps and arranges the carpets, lights the lamps, &c. Such mosques enjoy the right of calling to prayer five times a day, which, having no minarehs, is done from the side of the dome; but they have no prayers on the Friday. Such can only be said by the sheikh, or preacher, in a jami or selatin, where he is assisted by the khatib, who recites the public



profession respecting the unity and the attributes of the Supreme Being.

Generally speaking, these sepulchres and their chapels are more or less ruinous, and frequently entirely neglected and abandoned. It is only when a holy man has had the good fortune to attend to some person's supplications for worldly advantages, that the increase of votive offerings will keep up the original benefice. Many of these imams are buildings of considerable extent, and include chapel, tomb, residences of priests, guardians, and attendants, besides an imaret, or hospital, and house of reception for poor travellers, with courts, gardens, and fountains. These are generally more or less crumbling into ruin, and often half prostrate. There are neither means nor population in the east, for the support of these numerous religious edifices; although when the ladies of a city take a summer's evening walk, it is almost always to the tomb of some holy man; hence those near great cities are most frequented, and present at times a flourishing appearance. Those at a distance are made the objects of visits on particular days, and are called ziyarets, or places of pilgrimage. The tomb sacred to one sect of Muhammedans, is often abominated by an adverse sect; thus, when Timur was at Damascus, he took the opportunity of having the bones of Jezid, founder of the Jezidees, dug up, and the grave filled with manure, to express his contempt for its tenant. The tombs of Christian as well as of Muhammedan saints, are made objects of pilgrimage by the Muhammedans; thus the Mecca Itinerary, a curious guide for the faithful in their journey from Constantinople to Mecca, recommends a visit, when at Antioch, to the tomb of Hazret Simun, the well-known St. Simon, surnamed Stylites by the Byzantines, from his living immovable at the extremity of a pillar. The tombs of the Jewish prophets are universally claimed by the Muhammedans as tombs of their holy men, as in the case of Abraham and Isaac, of Jonah at Nineveh, &c.; and the tombs of many of the Christian prophets and fathers of the church are also made to belong to two creeds. The most remarkable among these monuments are those to the prophet Elias, concerning whom more traditions are current in the east than any other. The Khidr Iliyas, as they are called, are to be met with in every direction—at Angora, at Yaprakli, and in Kurdistan. These monuments are not tombs, according to the Muhammedans, but resting-places. They believe that Elijah, or Elias, never died; and that he is still on earth, where he is to remain until the coming of Jesus Christ. They call him Khidr, or "evergreen," on account of the everlasting life which he enjoys, and by which he is kept ever in a flourishing condition, in a paradise which they say might be taken for heaven itself. The Turkish poets have many references to the same tradition; and D'Herbelot relates a curious semi-historical legend concerning the same, which we regret is too long to extract. Mr. Rich relates of his having been visited, when resident at Baghdad, by a murid (disciple) of Sultan Hassan, a celebrated dervish, who asserted his having seen and conversed with the prophet Elias, who accompanied him two days on the road.

Of all the numerous pilgrimages in the east, by far the most remarkable is the removal of the dead Persians to the Mesh-ed, or shrines of Ali and Husein. Caravans are constantly passing the Tigris on this

long journey, when the scene presented is revolting to a degree; the coffins are often merely a few planks rudely put together, and have not been able to resist the rough roads across the Persian mountains; the consequence is, that the caravan is followed by such a cloud of ravens and vultures, and so far-spreading a train of jackalls and hyænas, that he must be a hardened man who acts as muleteer to such a funereal convoy. Yet I have seen them attended even by females, with face and body alike wrapped up in mourning, and souls only alive to grief and their last duties.

The next and third class of tombs are the kumbets, or kubera, small quadrangular edifices surmounted by a dome, and the origin from whence, apparently, are derived the imams and turbehs. Edifices of this kind are sometimes pierced by four opposing arches, and in this case, when the structure is lofty and well-proportioned, the effect is very pleasing; sometimes two tombs of the more simple kind are placed in juxta-position.

These sepulchral monuments are almost always erected with a view to publicity and picturesque effect combined. They are met with sometimes alone, with no other building of any kind in their neighbourhood, on the sands of the sea-shore; at other times, they occupy a gentle eminence on a plain; then again they are to be seen perched on a peninsula of rock advancing into a river, or on some rude promontory breasting the more turbulent ocean. They are also frequently perched on the summit of ancient tells or mounds, or on the peak of high conical hills. Such simple edifices in such positions are strictly monumental—i. e., architectonic—a portion of the scene, and in harmony with the site, and not a patch put upon it. The aim of the memorial is never lost under the accessories, and it may be truly considered as a single idea in stone—one, and intelligible at a look—like the simplicity of the Muhammedan faith.

In the marshes of Babylonia and Chaldea, where there exist no building materials, either of stone or wood, the monuments of the holy men are often constructed simply of reeds; and such frail structures, it may naturally be imagined, are soon so many wrecks, miserable as the country they are to be found in.

When a holy man is buried in a city, it not unfrequently happens that his coffin is placed in a detached apartment, or even in a room in an inhabited house. This is one of the most crying evils in the country. Sometimes, benefices and foundations are attached, by which a school is kept, and that often in the same room with the coffin. Even castles have their apartments for the dead: such are to be seen in the castle of Birehjik; and in one of olden time I visited in the Amanus, I found a number of arrows strewn around. The Muhammedans, like the Irish, commemorate a wish or vow, by tying a bit of rag to the coffin-rails, or window-bars of sepulchral chambers, which are thus often covered with such offerings.

The Jezidees erect a monument to their holy dead simply of superstition. It is a quadrangle tapering to a point like a pyramid—a form which represents a flame of fire, and is thought to propitiate the evil spirit, from whose aggressions these remnants of the Parsees always dread more than they hope from the mercy of a benevolent deity.



After these monumental sepulchres, the most common form of tomb in burial-grounds is a simple sepulchral stone erect at the head of the grave. These are frequently two slabs of marble, one of which is surmounted by a head-dress similar to that which the man wore in his life-time. These used formerly to be solely turbans, varying with the rank and profession; and thus the turban peculiar to the janissaries, was made an object of contempt, and often struck off; now, many are surmounted by the fez of the new regime, painted red. The graves of the women are distinguished by terminating in a sculpture, in the form of a mushroom. The slab at the head is generally adorned with an inscription, the letters of which are always in relief and gilt, or painted black or red on a field of different colour. Such inscriptions commence with the Kalemah of Islamism: "There is no God, but one God, and Muhammed is his prophet!" this is followed by the name and profession of the deceased, with sometimes an extract from the Koran, or more generally, the sentence, "Say a fatihah for his soul." Such inscriptions are called Telisms, whence our talisman. The lower slab is also frequently ornamented with a rudely sculptured cypress-tree, or a vase of flowers. An additional slab also frequently advances from the foot of these monuments, in the centre of which, a slight hollow is hewn, and the rain-drops being collected in this funeral-chalice, serve to refresh the birds during the summer heats.

The erect position of the stone is considered as an emblem of the spiritual ascension of the dead. Such a position is hence, among the Muhammedans, rendered peculiar to themselves, and not permitted to the Christians, who are only allowed a flat slab, on which, besides various inscriptions and sculptured insignia of trade, are sometimes to be seen a decapitated head, held in the arms of the tenant of the grave. The Jews, however, have peculiar solid massive tombs.

Some tombs have the circumference of the grave in masonry, somewhat similar to an ancient sarcophagus, the upper part of which is without a lid, and leaves exposed the earth which covers the body, and on which flowers are often cultivated. The most simple form of tomb of this kind is when rudely formed of four slabs covered with inscriptions.

Sometimes the erect slab at the head of the tomb is supplanted by a pillow seven to eight feet high; and this, in country places, is represented by a small circular shaft, only at times flattened in the centre to receive an inscription, and barely rising two or three feet out of the ground, like the stem of a stunted plant, and bearing the usual turban on the summit. The Muhammedan is carried to his grave in his head-dress; and in life and in death, never parts with what he considers as the sacred type of his faith.

In the East, as elsewhere, the most simple form of tomb is a raised mound of earth, sometimes naked, but at others, covered with green sod, or by a few stones thrown carelessly on the spot. When a man has been murdered, or a helpless stranger has perished by the roadside, each passer-by adds a few stones, till the corpse is covered. This practice originates in a dread, common to mankind, that the spiritualized form of the deceased may haunt the spot of an early or a violent death, or a tomb unsanctified by friendship or the forms of reli-

gion.\* A more or less imperious belief in the spiritual reappearance of the dead on earth, is common to all nations of men; and although undoubtedly without foundation in fact, still, what comes home to the minds of all, must have some remote origin in truth; and the belief in spirits may, philosophically considered, be not improbably the first glimpse of a sense or power, only imperfectly given to us here below, of entering into communion with spiritual existences. It is admitted that such a power is conferred upon us after death, why may not the sense of its existence be sometimes faintly shadowed forth during lifetime?

The Muhammedan shews a degree of respect for the dead very unfrequent in this country; for, however poor and friendless, may be the tenant of a grave, his remains are never disturbed, nor made to give place to a new comer. It is from this circumstance, that the burial-grounds attain so vast an extent. They also, sometimes, bury on spare land, within the precincts of a town; and there are some old cities, as Eskishehr, on the Sangarius, where there are as many cemeteries as houses. The Muhammedan is always buried with his head towards Mecca, from a superstition of a little intellectual character; he also sleeps in the same position, for fear of being overtaken by death, in a posture unfavourable to his future welfare.

The claims to interest in Oriental tombs we have seen, are more frequently derived from situation, than from any meritricious ornaments. It is also a constant practice, as also obtained among the ancients, to bury the dead by the road-side, in order to procure the prayers of the passer-by. It is a mute, but eloquent appeal to the wayfarer—from the pilgrim at rest below, to the pilgrim still on his way—and which addresses itself to him in the recesses of the woods, in the solitude of the plain, and even in the wide and still expanse of the desert, and with people of so religious a cast of mind as the Muhammedans, seldom fails to awaken the feelings and prayers which it was intended to suggest.

There is, in a solitary grave, when accidentally met with in the wide expanse of a desert, a power to awaken the feelings which is quite remarkable. It is no uncommon thing to travel for the greater part of a day over the wilderness, without seeing a living being, a tent, or a tree, and suddenly to stumble upon a lone and isolated grave. There is a feeling of extreme desolation in such a sepulchre; the reproach of the children of Israel to their patriarch, "Is it because there were no graves in Egypt that thou hast taken us to die in the wilderness?" comes forcibly to mind, for there is sociality even in death; and in such a situation, lying far away from all habitations, and beyond the verge of humanity, a grave appears like the last link between the world of the living and the world of spirits.

In the same deserts, the Arab often marks the grave of his countryman by a single stick. Such, generally, support the offering of a bit of rag or cloth, and sometimes tresses of hair, which it is desecration to touch. This once happened unintentionally to myself. I visited

\* Horace (i., ode 28) alludes to this, when he says the want of a small present of a little dust confines you near the shore of Matina, and prevents your admission to the Elysian fields.



a Bedwin cemetery, not far from the banks of the Euphrates, where there was a newly-made grave, and on it, the offering of a woman's head of hair. I stopped for a moment to contemplate it, when there was not a human being visible for miles around, but the next day it was gone.

So great is the veneration of the Arab of the desert for graves, that he has even consecrated unreal or imaginary sepulchres to the dead. Deserts, where the sands rise and fall like the sea, are not to be met with, except in works of a purely imaginative character, as in the Letters of Lucius Piso, from Palmyra; and moving sands are very rare. Such, however, do occur in a few particular spots—generally collections of small hillocks, constantly shifting their place and number, but remaining in the same general locality. These are objects of superstition to the Arab, who calls them the graves of the sons of Ishmael, and considers them to mark the scene of some murderous conflict.

In the march of a caravan, it is customary to bury the dead by the wayside; and I have known a poor mother, with her bosom dried up by fatigue and privation, carry the corpse of her infant for hours, loath to tell the secret, which must entail a perpetual separation.

The Turkomans, and other wandering tribes in the East, always observe sociality in their burial-places. They have no fixed places of abode, but move, with the necessity of feeding their flocks, to the mountain pastures in summer, and the low marshes in winter; but certain spots are chosen for the summer and winter burial-places. Such graves are generally adorned with bulbous plants, or the daffodil, which cover them with flowers in the early spring; as at Constantinople, an almost perpetual spring is kept up by a various show of flowers. This latter is, however, but a meretricious tribute to the dead, more emblematic of a paid solicitude than of a friend's affection; but De Lamartine was captivated by this attention of hireling dervishes, and expressed it, as the obligation of remembrance, immortal among the Mussulmen.

In more favoured spots in western Asia, where an aged Climax throws its gigantic shadows over the greensward, or where a bubbling fountain arrests the steps of the thirsty traveller, a few unadorned graves are sure to be found; they are the tombs of those who have perished there, homeless and unknown. The wide extent of the cypress-groves, which cover the burial-grounds around the metropolis, are well known. These trees are private property; and it is the sorest affliction that can visit a person to be obliged to sell them; yet so great has been the dearth that sometimes visits the capital, that it has required an imperial edict, to prevent the almost total destruction of these funereal forests. They certainly present a most impressive scene. Trees are everywhere powerful speakers, but the melancholy cypress peculiarly vies in solemnity with the grave; it shadows it in its silent speech, it tells of the dead below, and of the hand which found a mournful pleasure in planting it. Its spire-like summit rises as an emblem of immortality; and hence it is, that it has always been the living expression—beloved by Pagan, Jew, Muhammedan, and Christian alike—of an idea equally sacred to an unreal, as well as to a real faith.

## THE ELLISTON PAPERS.

EDITED BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

"What, will you make a younker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked?"—SHAKSPEARE.

## XXVI.

HAVING still considerable leisure at his disposal, Elliston felt no inclination for an immediate return to London. The weather continued unusually fine, and autumn had descended on the romantic district of Derbyshire in that fulness of grace, which equally distinguishes this season of the year, by the richness of aspect as by the abundance of its bounty. It was just at this time, also, that Elliston had received a letter from his wife, written in that truly affectionate and sensible tone, which the present moment was so well calculated to assist, in the generosity of its purpose. Full of affection, but not unmixed by well-directed reproof, Elliston read over sundry times its unanswerable contents, till a temper of sentimentality crept over him, not unusual to such constitutions as his, which they who are subject to them, would be fain persuaded are of a very intrinsic nature. A pseudonymous self-examination took possession of him; and as he wandered this morning along the declivous paths of Dove Dale, he pondered awhile on the home-truths that had just been presented to him; and having arraigned some of those infirmities, to which we have had occasion frequently to allude, with the impartiality of Rousseau himself, and rhapsodized aloud to no inconsiderable effect, he came to the conclusion that he was about one of the most worthless fellows in his Majesty's dominions. Having done so much—though, like Jonathan Wild, there was no one by to applaud him—he considered that he had done quite enough. Confession is certainly one half of amendment; and as this half he had so liberally satisfied, the remaining took no part at all in this act of sentiment, but, like a man who had compounded with his creditors, he opened a fresh ledger and felt himself at once at liberty to run in debt at the first convenient opportunity.

Elliston arrived on the following day at Derby; and the odour of yesterday being still powerful upon him, he avoided what is called the head inn; and after a short reconnoitre, entered a smaller house of entertainment on the verge of the town, where he determined to take up his quarters for the night. Here he soon ingratiated himself with his landlord—a habit he delighted to indulge in; and having despatched a hasty repast, invited his new-found friend to partake the bottle which had been just set before him. The said landlord was nearly as bulky as the tun of Heidelberg; and as it would require consequently about as much to fill him, Elliston conceived he might have made too unremunerating a bargain; but as this personage was really a merry fellow, and a bit of a wag, Elliston did not despair of his own capacity, at least, in a bibulous acceptance. He soon discovered, however, the poor man had more



wives than he knew what to do with; for although, not to perplex the reader, he had but one, yet was she one too many, so that the present moment was in fact the first he had had for many a day, for the manifestation of that thorough good humour so natural to him. Though in the presence of his landlord, Elliston soon found he had calculated without his host; for the good man's volubility was of that extent, that he fairly chattered our hero dumb, who had as much chance with him in the race, as sound with light. But as our traveller could not consent entirely to renounce the hero, he at least took the lead in the bottle—a part which his landlord, for many reasons, was not displeased in resigning to him, for the liquor, though passing under the denomination noticed at the door, “Neat Wines,” was, in fact, a compound greatly in circulation at this period of the war—namely, a composition of gin, treacle, blacking, and tobacco, or, in politer words, “old crusted port.” On producing a second and even a third bottle of this delectable electuary, the landlord was not unnaturally beguiled into the joint praise of the qualities of his cordial and the judgment of his guest, declaring that the squire on the hill never drank any other when he met the judges of assize, exultingly displaying not only the bee's-wing, but the very bees themselves, who, in community with sundry smaller flies, had been carefully corked in at the bottling of this remarkable vintage. But society will sweeten the coarsest fare; and as our traveller was, in truth, greatly diverted with his new acquaintance, the sitting was still prolonged, when the shrill notes of the landlady suddenly recalled her husband to fresh duties, in the arrival of other customers at the “Red Cow.” Left to himself and the greater part of the third bottle of the *old crusted port*, Elliston took refuge in his sentimentality of yesterday; and drawing his wife's letter from his pocket, moistened sentence after sentence with the remaining bumpers, so that, at length, heart, head, and stomach being in one common state of insurrection, he retired—widely from his custom—to an early bed.

And now, spirit of time-honoured Radcliffe—shade of “wonder-working Lewis,” descend upon our humble efforts in the “new scenes and changes” of our homely history, which we fear must else be most unworthily recorded.

A deep sleep was the immediate consequence of the “drugged posset” so liberally indulged in by our graceless wanderer, when about the chime of midnight, as nearly as he could guess, he was awakened by a sharp click at the lock of his apartment, followed immediately by a long-drawn creak of hinge, which left but little doubt in respect of some intruder. The moon was shining fully on the casement, which was directly opposite the foot of his bed; but a large folding screen had been placed nearly midway of the room, for the purpose, no doubt, of obscuring the morning sun, for the apartment was entirely destitute of hangings, and between this screen and the window was the door. The creaking from behind was presently repeated, at those abrupt intervals, denoting the stealthy action of approach. Elliston listened—sleep had sobered him, and some little fear, perhaps, added quickness to his faculties. He listened, and distinctly heard the whispering of two persons, whose shadow the moon's fulness threw strongly on the side wall. Still in breathless attention, Elliston remained motionless; the whispering was resumed, and he now caught the very words which were passing.

"Afraid! What folly! He's asleep, I tell you; go—go!"

"I cannot!" was the reply.

Elliston felt convinced the second voice was that of a woman, and being at once impressed their object was no less than to cut his throat, (for no one contemplates simple robbery in the dead of night, without this *adagio* accompaniment,) he was hesitating whether his pacific course were the wisest he could pursue, when again he heard—

"He sleeps! I tell you again, he sleeps! Why, he drank two bottles, they say. Come—come, 'tis soon done!"

"Oh, I cannot!" again responded the female; "I should die if he were to awake."

"And I shall die, whether or no," sighed the terrified comedian.

"Come—come!" still urged the man from behind; "why, he snores—hark!" at which moment, Elliston raised his eyes from the bed-clothes, and saw clearly the figures of the speakers. They were in the instantaneous act of stepping forward, when by an involuntary impulse, Elliston sprang from his bed, and rushing to the spot, clasped, with a mingled shout of terror and triumph, the waist of the advancing female, who uttering a shriek which might have awakened the occupiers of a cemetery, fell on her knees before him.

The clattering *bouleversement* thus suddenly produced (for other articles had been overthrown besides the lady), the clamour of the parties engaged, at once raised the whole establishment of the "Red Cow." Elliston, with no other attire than that which usage has deemed sufficient to the tenant of a pair of sheets, was still holding in convulsive exultation, his fainting victim, when the fat landlord, scarcely in a more producible state, ("with his rib by his side," whose voluminous nightcap almost buried her vixen visage,) tumbled into the apartment.

Here let the *contretems* be elucidated—here let that strong circumstantial evidence be disentangled, by which, in the absence of proof positive, it is set down that we may legally convict innocent parties of most abominable offences. The event which had so inopportunately broken up the *tête-à-tête* of Elliston and his landlord over their crusted port, on the previous afternoon, was the arrival of a commercial traveller and his lady, whose purpose it was to remain that night at the inn. These new guests, who had been previously apprised of their dormitory, having well supped, at the hour of midnight, were about to retire. Unfortunately, however, the room occupied by Elliston, was one through which it was necessary to proceed, before reaching the other in question, and he having retired, as we have already noticed, at an early hour, was consequently at this time in bed. The unforeseen dismay which now assailed the commercial gentleman's good lady, whose nerves at all times were subject to great excitation, at passing through an apartment in which there was a man positively abed, had given rise to the whole of this common-law evidence of criminal intent, which could leave no doubt on the minds of any highly respectable jury, and which had so unwittingly exposed our hero in a situation in which we blush ever to have discovered him. But having now hurried him back again to his disordered couch, in which we trust he will bury his shameless countenance from the light of day, and carried the half expiring lady in safety to the inner sanctuary, we will drop the curtain on the scene altogether, in the hope that either shame will induce him for ever after to avoid her sight, or that he will prepare him-



self, by the crowing of the cock, with one of those fine speeches, by which he has ever been so distinguished, in making the *amende honorable*.

[Albina Jane Martyn Elliston, born 10th of March, 1808, in Stratford Place: godmothers, Albina Countess of Buckinghamshire and Lady Jane Aston.]

## XXVII.

Scarcely had Elliston resumed his duties at Drury Lane, when he involved himself in a war of words with the proprietors of his ancient ally, "The Mirror," but more particularly with all the world's acquaintance, the late Tom Hill. "The Mirror" (if we may be pardoned a common-place joke) had presumed to cast reflections on Elliston's tragedy, which the self-esteem of the aggrieved party, of course, set down as *scandalum magnatum*. In fact, this journal had travelled a little out of the direct path of criticism, by indulging in a few tart personalities affecting the actor. As Dryden's criticism, it was no longer "the majesty of a queen, but as Rymer's, the ferocity of a tyrant."\* Among other things, it had stated that Elliston had of late acquired a habit of stretching his mouth from ear to ear, resembling one of those Dutch toys, denominated nut-crackers, and it had also gone so far as to question our hero's terms of intimacy with the Latin tongue, by the imputation of a false quantity in the word "marital," &c. &c. In respect of the former, all the nuts, of course, fell to the share of the public, who mightily enjoyed the absurd sensitiveness of the man who could "quarrel with another for cracking nuts only because he himself had hazel eyes"—and in respect of the latter, the "marital" *quantity*, the actor might have been content to take his correction, in good part, from the critics, as in the marital *quality*, he had lately been so signally chastened by his exemplary wife.

We will not here trouble our readers with any part of the epistolary matter on either side—suffice to say, as may well be imagined, the player got the worst of it, by the simple fact of being laughed at for his pains, whilst he afforded the literary loomsman, Thomas Hill, a stock of the raw tattle material, which, with an industry so peculiar to him, he manufactured into a very marketable commodity, and was moreover himself raised, for the first time, on the pedestal of a hero.†

On the 26th of May (1808), the admired Miss Pope made her farewell curtsy on Drury Lane stage, after a service of fifty-two years, during which, with the single interruption of the season 1775, owing to some difference with Garrick, she had never acted at any other theatre. For her final benefit she selected the part of my *Lady Duberly*, in Colman's comedy of "The Heir at Law;" the receipts of the house being 482*l*.

\* An expression of Malone.

† Mr. Thomas Hill was born at Lancaster on the 2nd of May, 1760, and died, at his chambers in the Adelphi, on the 20th of December, 1840. As several biographical notices of this gentleman have so lately appeared in the public prints, it will be unnecessary to append any in this place. The uncertainty as to the period of his birth, and his still "immortal youth" had been a long hackneyed joke amongst his immediate friends, so that like the bard of England, he might be said to have been "not of an age, but for all time."

In 1756, Garrick produced a piece entitled "Lilliput," which was acted by children, with the exception certainly of *Gulliver* himself, which was performed by the full grown Mr. Bransby, a gentleman whose athletic form was well calculated to produce a striking contrast to the inhabitants of "*Mildendo*." Mr. Pope, the father of our heroine, who kept a hair-dresser's shop, adjoining the "Ben Jonson's Head," in Little Russell-street, was barber in ordinary to the theatre, and had introduced his daughter Jane, then twelve years of age, to the notice of Mr. Garrick, who was so pleased by the few specimens she gave of dramatic ability, that he immediately assigned to the little demoiselle the part of *Lady Flimnap*, and, moreover, entrusted her with a sparkling epilogue written for the occasion. Three years after, when only fifteen, Miss Pope was announced for *Corinna*, in "The Confederacy," as "a young gentlewoman, her first appearance." Her reception was highly encouraging, and her acting well nigh merited that abundant applause which the generosity of the public so liberally bestowed. She had very early attracted the attention of that celebrated actress Mrs. Clive, whose friendship and regard speedily followed, and with whom she lived on the most intimate terms until that lady's death, which took place in 1785.\*

On the morning after our debutante's appearance in the part of *Corinna*, she received the following from her esteemed companion and adviser:—

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—I saw you last night. You acted with great and deserved approbation; but should you to-morrow night exceed your first endeavour, be not disappointed should you meet with less encouragement. Remember all, last night, were friends ready-made—to-morrow you are to commence forming new ones amongst strangers, who though I sincerely hope will ultimately become as warm as those from whom you have just parted, yet they will see you and approve you before they offer you a direct testimony of their favour. Be not disheartened, for I should regret that such merits as yours were not put to the test at once;—but be not disheartened, nor fancy the comparative coldness with which you will be met, proceeds from ill will, but that it is rather attention to your acting, with the view of testifying the truth of all that your friends have said of you. Many a young actor has been destroyed by this precise ordeal, because having previously ran away with the idea that their friends alone had any judgment in the matter, have fancied the reception they had subsequently met with from strangers, had been the effect of malice and ill-nature. With this caution, I trust that in a month you will be safely landed on the shores of public favour—I am sure if you do justice to your merits, you will, and this act of justice is near at hand. My little assistance shall not be wanting in any way which may be serviceable to you; and I shall contrive to be at Drury Lane when you repeat the character. Believe me, my dear young friend, I wish you every success, and a long life to enjoy it. I am too old to be

\* Miss Pope was executrix and residuary legatee under the will of Mrs. Clive, Mr. Raftor (Mrs. Clive's brother) having a life interest in the property. Mrs. Clive passed her latter days at Little Sirawberry Hill, near the villa of Horace Walpole.

Cibber wrote his comedy of the "Refusal," at Strawberry Hill, then a small place, which he hired of Lord Bradford's coachman.



jealous of you, therefore may be trusted were I liable to such frailty; but I am not without vanity, and it is the vanity of an ardent desire that all I have foretold of you may come to pass. God bless you, my dear child."

*C. Clive*

Success and well-earned applause were the result of Miss Pope's second appearance. Mrs. Clive seemed rendered happy for the remainder of her days, a great part of which, it may be well imagined, was devoted to the instruction of the youthful actress, who repaid her with that gratitude of heart, which we will not invidiously say is no current coin in the trade of an actor, but is in rare circulation under any denomination of society.

Miss Pope, as it is well known, became ultimately all that her friend had predicted,—a most accomplished artist. In the latter part of her career, she had been importuned by her managers to play *Mrs. Heidelberg*, a part which she had never studied in her earlier days, and felt now totally unequal to attempt. It happened that at this time (1802), Lord Harcourt, who had always been amongst the foremost of Miss Pope's admirers, dispatched to her the following note:—

"Lord Harcourt has just received the king's command to notify to Miss Pope, that his Majesty has directed the 'Clandestine Marriage' for Thursday next; and has also, by his Majesty's order, informed Mr. Kemble that it is his pleasure Miss Pope should play the character of *Mrs. Heidelberg* on that occasion."

This was enclosed in the following from his lordship.

"MADAM,—To a woman of your discernment, the contents of the enclosed note will be highly flattering, though, at the same time, possibly embarrassing. The case is this. Last night, at the Queen's house, where your theatrical talents are frequently mentioned, a wish was expressed that you should play *Mrs. Heidelberg* before their Majesties on Thursday next, to which I observed to the king, that however honoured and happy you must ever be in obeying his Majesty's pleasure, yet I believed that you had never yet studied the part, and doubted the possibility of your being ready in it by the time. The king seemed to assent; but I have just now received a letter from the Princess Elizabeth, in which her R. H. says, 'I have received the king's commands to inform you that if you can contrive that Miss Pope shall play *Mrs. Heidelberg* on Thursday, he would be delighted; and Lord Harcourt may tell her from me, observed the king, that she is the only person who *can* act it, since we have lost Mrs. Clive.'

"HARCOURT."

To which communication Miss Pope replies:—

"MY LORD,—You well know my grateful sentiments in respect of their Majesties. No subject has ever loved and honoured them more than myself; and this, alas! in my declining day, is the only instance in which I have been unable to the great delight of obeying them. The undertaking would be a tragedy, and not a comedy, for, believe

me, I should die in the attempt—my dear lord, it would kill me. My powers are scarcely equal to it at any time; but for Thursday, I tremble at the very contemplation of it. The managers have frequently of late urged me to this, with time for study; but I have taken it into my poor head, that the critics would be soured against me, and I might lose the little fame I have obtained—perhaps, in some measure, the good opinion of their Majesties. I tremble again at what I have written—I know I should not have said so much—my duty tells me, I should not; but should their Majesties graciously be pleased to see me play the part at any other time, I will make instant preparation to obey them. My memory, to say nothing of my other humble qualities, is not so lively as when I was eighteen, and my lord, I am an old woman now. If his Majesty would make me a peeress, I could not do it. Oh! my dear, dear lord, send me a pardon under the great seal, or I shall never leave home again.

“I have the honour to be, your lordship’s most humble servant,

 Jane Pope

On the 6th of May (1802) the effort was made, and Miss Pope played the part before their Majesties. She succeeded to the undivided opinion of the whole house—“never had the character been acted with better effects,” said one of the journals of the day, “not even by the regretted Mrs. Clive.” Lord Harcourt called, the following morning, on Miss Pope, to congratulate her on having so highly delighted the king, observing he had never seen his Majesty in better spirits. “Knew she could do it—knew she could do it,” repeated the monarch frequently, during the representation of the comedy. King, the original *Lord Ogleby*, quitted the stage on the 24th of the same month, and the “*Clandestine Marriage*” remained on the shelf for a considerable time from this period.

The suggestions of Mr. Phipps in respect of Elliston’s new abode, appear to have had but little weight with him, for he had now entered on the house in Stratford-place, which he fitted up not extravagantly, for, in fact, it never was thoroughly furnished; but the vanity of the comedian was thus far flattered, in calling so spacious a residence his own, and placing Mrs. Elliston in a position which he still pertinaciously believed would advance her professional interest with the fashionable world. These advantages, if such they might be called, fell fortunately to the share of a woman of correct feeling and due discrimination; and though it still remained a question whether Stratford-place were the fittest spot for the object of a dancing academy, yet the deportment and conduct of Mrs. Elliston acquired to her new friends, whilst no one could be more secure than herself in retaining those she had already numbered.

Elliston’s benefit in this season was a very brilliant occasion. He had chosen “*Much Ado About Nothing*,” with the popular afterpiece “*Tekeli*.” On this night he was more than usually happy in the part of *Benedict*, and Mrs. Jordan equally excelled herself in *Beatrice*.



They each acted in their best style, and scarcely ever had an audience been more delighted—so much rank and fashion had rarely before attended a benefit. Mrs. Jordan was complimented by an elegant ode, which appeared two days afterwards in the *Morning Post*.

At the close of the Drury Lane season, Elliston proceeded on an engagement to Dublin, where he found his attraction by no means equal to his expectations. In a letter to his wife, he says, "I was tossed about for twenty-six hours. On leaving the coach at Shrewsbury, being anxious immediately to proceed, I ordered a chaise, but was told they had no horses at the first post-house—at the second and third, I received similar answers. I was greatly distressed, for it was a point with me to reach Oswestry without delay. You will be amused at my expedient. Summoning a diplomatic look into my countenance, I demanded instantly to be conducted to the mayor, declaring that I had dispatches for the Duke of Richmond, and that if horses were not immediately supplied, the affair would come at once under the consideration of the secretary of state. 'Shew me to the mayor!' said I. 'He is in bed, sir,' was the reply—'seriously ill.' 'Then I shall be sure to find him at home—my business is as much of life and death as his own. Shew me to the mayor, or supply the horses.' My manner and words had the desired effect—horses were provided, and within twenty minutes, I was off again.

"I have one assurance to give you, at which I know you will be pleased. Since leaving London, I have led, in all respects, a most correct life—had you been at my elbow, I could not have behaved better—but I am now and then sadly hipped, and am not ashamed to confess, a little 'home sick.'"

Elliston's next letter was from Edinburgh.

"Last Monday," says he, "I played at Liverpool, *Panglos* and *Don Juan*; Tuesday, the *Venetian Outlaw* and the *Singles*; Wednesday, *Leon*, with 'Of Age To-morrow;' Thursday, at Preston, the *Singles* and *Silvester Daggerwood*. I then travelled two hundred miles, and acted on Saturday, at Edinburgh, *Octavian*, with 'Of Age To-morrow.' I have here made ample amends for my failure at Dublin (for I can call it no less)—my reception was quite an hurrah! I have already remitted 610*l.* to my bankers, and have still this place, Glasgow and Manchester, to pillage. But who can tell how long this tide of popularity will last—this *aura popularis*—whether tide or gale, mutation is the nature of both. If God preserve my life, and give me fortitude to pursue the purpose of my hopes, our happiest days are yet to come, though I myself may pass into comparative obscurity. Believe me I feel at greater distance from home than four hundred miles, when I think of you and my family. I do not pretend to give you any description of this romantic city—it would far exceed my limits; but I must not omit mentioning that I have been introduced to some of the Scotch professors, who have distinguished me by great kindness. The literary class of Edinburgh constitutes its aristocracy—there is no better society, nor should there be. This is highly honourable to the Scotch character.

"I suppose all are in high spirits in London at the news from Portugal—"Vimiera!" and the dispatches of Sir Arthur Wellesley. We shall have a long drama yet in that country."

When Elliston was at Glasgow, in the course of this northern trip, he dined on one occasion in the public room of an inn, in which there was an elderly Scotch gentleman, who had already taken his mid-day meal, and was quietly enjoying his tumbler of whisky-toddy. His exterior was not prepossessing. He wore a short sandy wig, which the temperature of many seasons, and the animal caloric of the wearer, had so puckered up, that it came scarce midway of his pole, which was about as red as a brick-bat. He had lost an eye, and by a singular incidence, every alternate tooth, so that his capacious jaws resembled a kind of tusky portcullis, which led to the citadel of his stomach. His cravat was narrow and loose, for his neck was of amazing dimensions. But the stranger soon discovered better qualities than a comely exterior, for he was thoroughly good-natured, and extremely communicative. In Elliston, he had met with no uncongenial spirit—they soon entered into familiar conversation; and having brought their rummers to one common table, were *tout franc* “as thick as thieves.”

Here they sat together, hob and knob, for a considerable time. Since his arrival in the north, Elliston had served a steady apprenticeship to the mountain dew, and might fairly be considered nearly out of his time; but in this, he found equally his inferiority to his present companion as to his host of the “Red Cow,” for he had already finished a pint, (a Scotch pint, be it remembered,) and was still hard at work. At length, after a hearty burst of merriment on the part of the stranger, he threw himself back into his chair, and deliberately drawing forth his watch, said,

“And so, you’re a stage-actor, you tell me. Perhaps ye’re acquainted with Harry Johnston?” To this Elliston, having made his companion assent, proceeded—

“Weel, weel; and now, Sir, I’ve to tell you one thing more. I have passed twa pleasant hours—vary pleasant hours in your society; within twanty minuits, d’ye mind, from this time, I shall be sa drunk, that wi’na be able to utter one word, and I just think it right to tak the present opportunity, while I’m noo intelligible, of telling ye who I am. My name is Scafield, and I live five gude miles awa’ from Glasgow, and I shall walk ev’ry foot on’t, this vary night, and I’ll just come and see if you’re as brave a lad as Harry Johnston, to-morrow night, for I’ll come and see ye act, and my family shall see ye act too.” Having made this speech, Mr. Scafield again betook himself to the whisky. He was verily as good as his word; within twenty minutes, he was no more, for in a last effort to keep up the fire, off went the wig, and he rolled from his chair, “taking the measure of an unmade grave.” Elliston here called aloud for the waiter; but to his surprise, Sandy seemed to take but little notice of the prostrate North Briton, only remarking, “Eh! as sure as deeth, it’s na’ but Mr. Scafield—he’ll walk hame to-night, I warrant ye; but you’d better let him bide—he’s used to it, and we’re all used to it here.”

On the following night, Elliston acted *Belcour*. His friend Scafield was in this instance, also, as good as his word. There he was in the theatre amongst the earliest comers—his polished sconce, like a half-peeled orange—there he was, and about him, two fine strapping lasses, his daughters, and the gude wife, Mrs. Scafield, to boot. Elliston had



no opportunity of again meeting his eccentric companion, as he quitted Glasgow within three days from this occurrence.

Not to mention the days when kings themselves condescended to turn playwrights—when Charles the Second altered an incident in the plot of Dryden's "*Aurungzebe*," it is enough that, at this period of our history, by the liberal patronage of George the Third, theatricals were in a flourishing state, and particularly in the provinces—not merely in those considerable cities and towns, to which we have had occasion to allude, but in obscurer country places, many of which, either in barn or booth, contrived to have their circuit-going comedians, while in London it was still the fashion "to go to the play;" so that at this time, the words of the critic in the days of Garrick and Macklin, were in equal force—namely, that England had four estates, the King, the Lords, the Commons, and the *Players*.

Of strollers, there is a curious anecdote, relating to the remote period of 1587, not generally known:—when the Spanish Armada was hovering on the coast, a company of vagrant actors were performing a piece, called "*Sampson*," in a booth, at Penryn; and the enemy having silently landed a body of men, were making their way, at night, to burn the town, when fortunately, at that instant, the players having let Sampson loose on the Philistines, the sound of drums, trumpets, and shouts created such a tremendous hubbub, that the Spaniards fancied the whole town, with Beelzebub at their back, were pouring down upon them, and immediately turning tail, scampered off to their ships. This anecdote, will doubtless remind the reader of the amusing incident in "*Tom Jones*," where the drum of the puppet showman, so terrified poor Partridge, that he fancied the Chevalier, Jenny Cameron and all the rebels were at hand, and that his dying hour was come.

In 1733, an itinerant company of comedians proceeded even to the island of Jamaica, and actually realized a large sum of money by acting. They received 370 pistoles, the first night of "*The Beggar's Opera*," but within the space of two months, they had buried their *Polly*, *Mrs. Slammakin*, *Filch*, and two others of the gang. The gentlemen of the island, for some time, took their turns upon the stage, to keep at least the *diversion* alive; but this did not last long, for within two months more, there were but one old man, a boy and a woman of the original company, surviving. The party had died either by the distemper of the country, or the effects of rum punch, a beverage so frequently fatal to new comers. The shattered remains of the crew, with upwards of 2000 pistoles in bank, embarked for Carolina, to join another company at Charlestown; but they also perished, having been cast away on the voyage!

Had Jeremy Collier lived in these days, he scarcely could have failed noticing this, as an instance of the just wrath of heaven at the sinfulness of stage plays.\*

\* Collier's anger, however, appears to have been directed against the abuses of the stage, for he does allow that the wit of man cannot invent more efficacious means of encouraging virtue and depressing vice, than the drama.

*Erratum.*—The allusion made to the "*Village of Castleton*" in the October Number of these Papers.

## THOUGHTS ON FORTUNE-HUNTING.

IN A SERIES OF VERY FAMILIAR PAPERS, ADDRESSED TO THE NICE YOUNG MEN  
OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HANDLEY CROSS: OR, THE SPA HUNT."

## PART II.

"But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees;  
And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:  
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—  
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets."—SHAKESPEARE.

DOCTORS' COMMONS is the accredited bazaar for matrimonial information of all sorts; and we really wonder, in these hard-working income-tax-taking times, no proctor, or doctor, or proctor's clerk, has been at the trouble of collating and arranging all the amounts, details, contingencies, and particulars relating to ladies' fortunes from the volumes of wills in their possession, instead of making "nice young men" take their uneasy shilling's-worth at high stands, and flounder among legal metaphor for what cannot be too plainly, simply, or specifically stated for them.

How easy it would be to draw a schedule for each county, containing a good-working outline of all the fortunes in it, the whereabouts, the histories, and particulars of each. Talk of John Murray's hand-books for foreign countries, or the "Sporting Magazine's" maps of hunting ones, what would they be compared to such valuable information as this? No man would grudge a guinea for so useful a "vade mecum;" while it would be an absolute saving of trouble and expense to the Doctors' Commons establishment in looking for and handing about books that few parties are much the wiser for reading. It would also be a cent.-per-cent. saving to nice young men, who must now either go blushing to an attorney, or smirking to St. Paul's Churchyard, undergoing the unpleasantness of supposing every body they meet looks as much as to say—"Ay, there you go, to see what Miss Wiggins has got!" The clerk, too, as he hands down the book, in return for the shilling's-worth of letter, slams it on the desk, with an air that looks very like saying—"You'll not be much wiser for *that*!"

There is an old Hebrew, Greek, or Latin saying, we don't know whether the pith of which is, that people tell infernal lies about girls' fortunes; we fear it has been a practice from the beginning of the world, and will continue so to the end of time. Doctors' Commons, we grieve to say, is not infallible. We know a "nice young man" who took many a shilling's-worth there, and at last hit on a will that seemed to have been made on purpose for him—it was the will of Simon Gullington, of Camelford, in the county of Cornwall, Esquire, in which, after reciting that he was of sound and disposing mind, though rayther sick in body, he set to, and gave his sound and disposing mind a gallop, by disposing of two thousand a-year to his dear wife Rebecca for the term of her natural life; and all the rest, residue,



and remainder of his real and personal estate, tin mines, &c., he gave, devised, and bequeathed to his four daughters, in equal shares and proportions, with what he called "cross remainders," a term we do not exactly understand; and also directed, that after the decease of his said dear wife Rebecca, her two thousand a-year should merge into, and form part of the residue of his estate and effects, and be divided, as before directed—cross remainders, &c. Then, by a codicil, made shortly after, he recited that his said dear wife Rebecca had, in vulgar parlance, "cut her stick," therefore the daughters would have the two thousand a-year among them; and he further recited, that he wished to provide for some meritorious servants, particularly his housekeeper, to whom he left an annuity of five hundred a-year, to be paid quarterly, and five pounds to his butler, five to his footman, five to his groom, five to his keeper, two pounds ten to his coachman, and a guinea to his gardener; all sums (except the housekeeper's) insignificant in themselves, but bespeaking an establishment commensurate with wealth.

The old boy having paid the debt of nature—the only debt, by the way, that some people do pay—the girls cut Camelford, and somehow or other, got scrambled to Tunbridge Wells. There, as they were enjoying the exhilarating diversion of donkey-riding on the common, Miss Serephena Gullington, who was mounted on a very unusual article at a watering-place—a donkey with some kick in it—got trundled over head just at the point where Grosvenor-road joins Ephraim-terrace and Sidney-place. Now, Captain Arthur O'Brian O'Blatherington, an ensign in the 91st regiment, who was passing along in heel spurs, most providentially met, and arrested the progress of the high-spirited and impetuous animal, who was boring along, head downwards, regardless of Miss Serephena's screams, and the mess he was making of her petticoats; Ensign Captain Arthur O'Brian O'Blatherington, we say, got the violent and infuriated animal stopped, and having smoothed down Miss Serephena's feathers, and found she was nothing the worse—the captain having given the sinful animal a kick—offered his arm to the lady, and out they set on foot to regain the lost sisters—*weird* sisters we might call them, for they were almost ugly enough to stop a saw-mill or a nigger's funeral. However, Miss Serephena wasn't so frightful, at least she had a pair of goodish eyes, and her figure wasn't far amiss; but the faces of the others were dreadfully struck out, and her complexion wasn't altogether clear. The reader may judge how ugly they were, when we say they had been at Tunbridge Wells four weeks that very day, without meeting with an adventure. Though they had fairish legs of their own, devil a man had turned round to look under their bonnets. After that, we need hardly say that Ensign Captain Arthur O'Brian O'Blatherington was a regular godsend. They struck up a most voluble discourse—all "at it" together—as he escorted them home to their lodgings at Mount Pleasant. Here, a fairish-sized footman let them in, powdered, and dressed in black, with an epaulette on each shoulder, his white neckcloth was well tied, and he opened the door with an air, and held himself up like a man that knew *what* was *what*: he could hardly be estimated at less than thirty pounds. Now, Ensign Captain Arthur O'Brian O'Blatherington, though a young man, had all his wits about him—as sharp as most old ones; and having started life with the fixed determination

of marrying an heiress, he had kept his thoughts fixedly and rigidly to that one point, never suffering himself to be led astray by blue eyes, or black eyes, or brown eyes, or any sort of eyes, or ever thinking of falling in love till he clearly ascertained what a girl had. Indeed, he had run for some very good stakes; and though he had certainly lost, it was always owing to the jostling of uncles, or the crossings of aunts; for the Ensign-Captain was a most "insinivatin' beggar," with a most mellifluous brogue of his own. What he estimated himself at, we never exactly heard; but he was always reckoned the killing man of the regiment, wherever it went. Many quarters they had been in, and many tender hearts had deplored the deficiency of fortune, and sighed at the "*rat-tat-tan*" of the drum, as the regiment marched away. It had now taken its last British march, and was lying at Chatham, preparatory to embarking for India.

Ensign Captain Arthur O'Brian O'Blatherington, the admiration of all the jolly subs., was still looked up to as the last ray of hope against cholera-morbus and bad livers, and had determined on a last desperate *coup* in England, before encountering a tiger, or a *coup de soleil* at Madras or Calcutta. He had scoured Margate, Ramsgate, Broadstairs, all the essentially vulgar greasy City places, when a thought and a hack-horse took him to Tunbridge. He had scarcely been there four-and-twenty hours, when the recorded adventure befel him. The Ensign-Captain's quick mind darted to a monetary conclusion—"Powdered footman!" A powdered footman, in his calculation, bespoke a butler also. Powder, in his mind, was a clear case of money. He had the assessed-tax table off by heart; and judged no person would throw away one pound three and sixpence a-year, to whom money was an object. They looked liked heiresses, for there was no attempt at ostentation; and though living in a large house with green Venetian blinds and mignonette boxes at the windows, they took him into their little, quiet back drawing-room, where the sun did not intrude. They chirped and talked, and gave him some gooseberry-tart; and at last he took his departure, quite convinced that they were *well* worth looking after. A pretty little maid in black, with a British lace collar, and white flowers in her cap, opened the door to let him out; and just as he got clear of the garden, a most important, respectable looking, large-stomached man in black also touched his hat, and stood by to let him pass through the gate, to whom he immediately assigned the office of butler. Altogether, he had no doubt they were what he was wanting, in fact; and he determined to do the thing as quietly as possible. "*Snug*" should be the word. Nobody should know anything about it but himself. Arrived at the "Pantiles," he fell into casual conversation with one of the "dippers," as they call the old women who shell out the nastiness for which the place is famous—talked about the water—the number of drinkers—the quantity they took—the effect it had on them, and so forth. Well, it so happened that the old woman had the honour of the place regularly at heart; and among other wonderful cures the water had wrought, she instanced that of the youngest Miss Gullington, whose face was perfectly well, while those of her sisters were wonderfully better. Ensign Captain Arthur O'Brian O'Blatherington being, as we said, a tolerably sharp chap—fit for a fox-hunter or a superintendent of police—thought *that* might be the line of his fox, and held the old



dipper's tongue on in the direction of Mount Pleasant, and very soon satisfactorily established that the water-wrought cure was on the face of his dear. Tipping the old woman a joey for her garrulity, he cheerfully repaired to the gloomy coffee-room of the "Royal Victoria and Sussex Hotel," where he managed to get through the usual variety—beef-steak, mutton-chop—mutton-chop, beef-steak, inn dinner, just as Mr. Stockdale's swell coach was starting for the metropolis. Consigning his "three-and-sixpence aside" to the care of the inn-ostler, until his return on the morrow, he mounted beside that classical coachman, whose dog-Latin he d—d every time it put him out of thinking of his spec. The Tunbridge-road is favourable to sentimental, or at all events Platonic reflections. It is a nice, light, airy sort of road—the villages are trim and smart; and on this particular occasion, the golden laburnum flowers hung in huge bunches over the "willa" walls, emblematical, as Ensign Captain Arthur O'Brian O'Blatherington augured, of the success of his enterprise. How men speculate on occasions of this sort! Upon our life, it's enough to make demonologists of us all! We knew a youth over head and ears in love—*real love* his was—a blockhead, for the girl, though pretty, wouldn't have a dump till her tough old mother died. However, the lass had come over him somehow, and regularly smitten he was. The old mother was one of the right sort—a regular stick-at-nothing sort of old jade—and was all for sorting the suitors, just as she did the cards before she began cheating at whist. The youth's name was Jonathan—Jonathan Felt—a hatter by trade; and seeing he was sweet on the daughter at Margate, Mrs. Moneybags gave him a general invitation—the run of her cottage—Baiser Cottage—any day or any hour—whenever he liked to shew up, in short. This old lass lived "down east," near Chiselhurst, and the Ensign-Captain's journey brings the thing into our head. Well, Jonathan having coached it down, and got himself brushed over, and his hair and whiskers ended by the sporting Bromley barber, set out on foot to the object of his adoration.

Baiser Cottage stands a little off the road out of the village of Chiselhurst; and by that species of intuition peculiar to men in such situations, Jonathan knew the cottage the moment he saw it. Nay, he almost knew Amelia's bedroom window, though he had never seen the shop before, nor heard any regular description of it. "That's Baiser Cottage!" said he to himself—"how I love it. The very chimney-pots are dear to me. I could live there for ever, and never wish for another companion but dear, lovely, angelic Amelia!" For though a hatter, Jonathan had some tenderness in his composition. In fact, he was in love with everything he saw—even the sparrows on the dusty hedge-rows. Their vulgar chirping sounded like the sweet song of nightingales to him. Having got within sight of the entrance, he gave his pocket-comb a final run through his whiskers, dusted his boots with his handkerchief, and drew on a pair of clean lavender-coloured kids; this brought him to the gate. Fastened by the bridle to the catch-post, stood a black butcher's pony, with a rat-tail, and a white hind-leg; and as Jonathan neared it, all wool-gathering and wild, the beast lay back its ears, and kicked at him—gave a regular good lash out with one leg, like a thorough-bred. In a general way, there's nothing surprising in a butcher's nag kicking—

indeed, the wonder is, when they don't; for they are generally a nasty mistetch'd, vicious, awkward lot; but Jonathan saw in this one's kicking a something that he didn't like. In his mind, it as good as said—"I am thy evil genius, Jonathan!" He stood lost in meditation. "Here am I," said he, "Jonathan Felt, of Fenchurch-street, embarking on the most perilous voyage a prosperous hatter ever set out in. Hitherto, the trade gale of fortune has blown full upon my felt—my hats have obtained an almost European reputation. Jupp himself begins to be jealous of me. If the wind now veers, and drives me against the buoy at the Nore, I shall very likely repent having come after this girl."

"She's an uncommon good 'un to go, sir!" said the butcher, who, unperceived by Jonathan, had come down the little curly-cew road, and was now on the other side of the gate, as Jonathan stood eying the nag with the air of a purchaser.

"Is she, indeed!" exclaimed Jonathan, delighted at the intelligence—"then *I'll have her.*" And forthwith he strode through the gate; and at a turn of the road, fell in with his angel, her auburn ringlets floating on the gentle breeze, health on her cheek, and a yellow shawl, with a green border, drooping gracefully into the fall of her back, relieving the chaste sameness of an exceedingly nicely got-up white muslin frock. The deuce be in those frocks! A Portugal laurel concealed them from further view.

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Jonathan had a pair of good serviceable lips, and Baiser Cottage answered to its name for some time; but the indecision manifested at the gate attended him throughout his sweethearting pursuits. Like old Lord Eldon, he was always on the doubt. He doubted whether he was good enough for Amelia. He doubted whether Amelia was good enough for him. He doubted whether she would be economical. He doubted whether she would like the smell of the glue-pot. He doubted whether she would like the retail shop. He doubted whether she would like the wholesale one. He doubted whether she would let him have his nap after dinner. He doubted she would like his bosom friend Tobias Gubbins. He doubted whether his bosom friend Tobias Gubbins would like her. He doubted whether the smell of the naphtha and gas spirit would agree with her. He doubted whether she would like English spirits of wine any better. In fact, there was no end to his doubting. Many an anxious, arguing ride Jonathan had with himself between Fenchurch-street and Bromley, and back from Bromley to Fenchurch-street. The last time he alighted, he fell in with a gipsy woman, who was extremely desirous of telling him his fortune. Now, we would not say that Jonathan was a regular superstitious chap, but he was like a great many other people—a sort of man that would *rather* not spill the salt—that would *rather* not meet a funeral—that would *rather* not walk under a ladder—that would *rather* see two magpies than one; and a shilling not being matter of moment to him, he thought he would just take a quiet one, and give such credence to the produce as he thought it worth. Accordingly, he got old "red cloak" up the lane by Doctor Scott's, and the coast being clear, he produced his paw. There were many streaks in the palm that the gipsy wench couldn't readily read, till Jonathan



gave her another shilling, which completely cleared her vision; when she saw a beautiful, fair, auburn-haired lady, inheriting an immense fortune from an uncle at Burtpore, and becoming the joyful mother of sixteen beautiful children—eight boys and eight girls. Jonathan was overjoyed, for his deary had an uncle at Burtpore; and altogether, the fortune-teller's tale was exactly what he could wish. Sixpence more was added to the previous deposit; and half-skipping, half-running, whole laughing, Jonathan proceeded to Baiser Cottage. Oh, how happy he was! He would have done anything short of endorsing a bill of exchange, or sending a consignment of hats to John Chinaman, or Transatlantic Jonathan; and he felt as if he loved the world and all that therein was. The sun was bright, the sky was blue, scarce a breath of air rustled the full quiet foliage of the trees, the flowers were sweet, and all nature was calm, beneficent, and gay. Lord! how the foolish fellow loved that girl! That was quite his "love's young dream-day."

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### JOHNIE FAA.

A TRUE STORY OF SCOTLAND.

BY MISS SKELTON.

IN all the realm of Scotland, there was none so fair as Jean Hamilton, the daughter of the Earl of Haddington, and she was beloved by the fairest and the bravest knight that ever rode at tilt or tourney. But how seldom doth true love run smooth; and how many hearts bleed and break beneath the torment of outraged and wronged affections! And so it was with Jean and her lover; for wrong came between them—wrong that led to crime and death.

"Now, my daughter—my daughter Jean," said the stout Earl of Haddington, "think no more of this young knight, Sir John Faa, of Dunbar, for I have chosen for thee a fitter mate—one meeter for an earl's daughter—so rich in gold and lands as thou art, thou must wed the Earl of Cassilis, and think no more of Johnie Faa."

"But oh, my father!" said the Lady Jean, "I cannot break my troth to Johnie—I cannot forget my love—I cannot wed this Earl of Cassilis. I will wed my own knight—Johnie Faa; and my gold and my lands will be sufficient for both."

Sore was the contest between love and duty in the heart of Jean Hamilton, sad were her words, and many were her prayers that she might be spared this cruel fate; but 'twas all in vain. The father and the daughter parted in anger and in tears; but the tears were poured unheeded, and they robbed her heart of its love.

There was never a wedding so gay in appearance as that of Jean Hamilton and the Earl of Cassilis. All that wealth could buy was there—all the beauty of Edinburgh was gathered to the marriage; but there was none to equal that of Jean; though pale as the white roses in her hair, she moved among them all.

The Earl of Cassilis was the sixth of his title, and come of a good old stock. He was a stern covenantor, severe in aspect, plain and

short in speech; there was nought to win a lady's love in him. But he had broad lands, as well as noble name, and pure descent; and as such the Earl of Haddington chose him as his daughter's husband, for he was himself but a new-made lord, and he thought to raise his family by this great connexion. Cassilis had lands, and name, and pure descent, and noble blood—but he wanted gold; and Haddington gave his daughter a rich dower, so that all parties were satisfied,—save the poor weeping bride, and the gallant knight, Sir John Faa, of Dunbar, who, though thus deserted, forgot not his lady-love, and thought but how to regain her.

Poor Jean went to her husband's home, where for three long years they lived in peace and quietness; for though there could be no love on her side, yet she became, in course of time, attached to him and his good qualities—his honest heart—his strong mind—his rectitude of principle—his love of truth and right—his high honour—his unblemished faith; such qualities excited her admiration, and commanded her esteem, but they could not force a warmer sentiment; and though repressing her true feelings with all her strength, yet they rose ever in her heart, pleading with ceaseless yearning for her lost first love. Three years passed, and three fair children, during that period, bloomed around the hearth of Lord and Lady Cassilis—three little lovely daughters, like rose-buds in their beauty and their similarity of appearance—each the image of its lovely mother.

Jean Hamilton began to feel what happiness was; her affection turned itself to these fair creatures, and on these she placed her hope; sighing only sometimes, as she gazed on their young faces, and thought, while she twined her fingers amid their golden tresses, and looked into their blue eyes, of *him* who, in all her early dreams of bliss, had been the chosen husband of her heart—the sharer of her future life and love.

The Earl of Cassilis is gone to the chase—for three days will he hunt the deer in the forests by Tynringham; and his lady remains at home to tend her infants, and to sing to her soft lute those witching strains which all so loved to hear—they were so wild, so sweet, so sad! The earl is gone to the hunting, with a gallant train of knights, and squires, and grooms, and hinds, and huntsmen; with hound, and horse, and well-trained falcon; with arrows, knife, and spear. They were a gallant train: their vests were Kendal green; their plumes were dancing in the breeze. The wind swept freely through the sunlit trees—swept through the bright locks of youth—over the stern brow of manhood—amid the silver hair of age, for all were gathered to the chase, young and old, and knight and noble, went forth with Cassilis and his dogs to hunt the deer in the woods of Tynringham.

The third day of the chase arose—the third sun shone over that gay assemblage, now loaded with spoil; their white plumes somewhat draggled and defaced by their chase through tangled copsewood, and beneath low-bending trees; their vests of Kendal green all stained with the blood of the quarry;—the same sun found the Lady Jean alone within her bower.

She dressed herself in snow-white robes, and bound her hair with pearl—her hair was long and golden, and the pearl became it bravely; her waist was clasped with shining gold, and pearls were in the clasps; and every finger white and taper was decked with golden rings.



She dressed her children in snow-white robes, and curled and combed their yellow tresses; her youngest babe lay sleeping in the cradle, she took the others to her side, and told them merry tales, or sang them mournful songs, to while away the time while waiting for their father.

A sound was heard approaching the house—a sound of many voices, loud laughs, and snatches of song; the trampling of feet—the clang of iron heels—the murmurs and the mingled noises of a crowd drawing near to the Tower of Cassilis. The lady and her children went to the window, to see what company was approaching. Through the long avenue came a merry troop of gipsies, their brown faces glowing in the sunlight. Up the long avenue they came, and on to the broad green lawn, and beneath the huge plane tree they gathered; they were many in number, men and women and children, singing and shouting, and dancing, with a hundred uncouth pranks and gestures. There were many bonny maidens among them, with jet black hair, white glancing teeth, and witching smiles; the dark locks braided with gay kerchiefs, scarlet, blue, and gold; the white teeth shewing with double brilliancy between lips rosy red—the smiles playing over cheeks whose soft deep brown was suffused with richest crimson. There were many fine young men with the same complexion—the same black hanging locks—the same bright cunning smile—the same eyes, so lustrous, so magnificently dark, so full of an almost preternatural light, glowing like fiery coals. Then there were aged creatures, bending beneath years and hardships, but still shewing the untameable spirit of their race. And there were little children, some young as the lady's own sleeping babe.

One among the gipsies walked silent and aloof, a head taller than the rest, with a firm martial step, and broad make of figure differing from the peculiar characteristics of the tribe. But the lady did but look once, then turned her careless eyes away. The visits of the gipsies to the Tower were too common to excite her surprise, or to occasion any interest in her mind.

The lady continued her previous occupation, amusing and quieting her children; but ere many minutes had elapsed, her old Seneschal entered the room, saying that one of the gipsies prayed earnestly to speak with her. The lady hesitated; it was not her wont to see strangers in the absence of her lord. But the Seneschal spoke so of the earnest manner of the gipsy—his gentle tongue, and humble entreaties for admittance, that she consented that he should be ushered into her presence. He came! The Seneschal opened the door for his entrance, then closed it behind him. The lady and the gipsy, saving the presence of her infants, were alone; he ascertained this ere he advanced close to her, and displacing the cloak that shrouded the lower part of his face, turned upon her the unforgotten features of her first lover—Johnie Faa!

It was, indeed, her early love! Oh, lost so long—so long unheard of—he had returned at last! No shriek burst from her lips—no cry; only one low murmur—the murmur of a heart too full for utterance—gave token of all she felt! It was himself! unchanged in all—unchanged in personal beauty, with the same dark, passionate eyes, burning upon her own—the same proud, melancholy countenance—the lips, speaking even when silent—the earnest, honest expression—

heart and soul breathing forth upon that face, unchanged in mind and spirit, as his present daring—his present attempt, after long years of absence—of desertion—of wrong—too plainly proved.

They did but gaze one moment—then rushed into each other's arms.

Poor hearts—so rudely parted! True hearts—true through so much despair, cling closely while ye may; beat—beat together;—beat with your vain delight! Ah, would that upon this moment ye might break! It *was* a moment of delight—of joy unspeakable; there was no alloying feeling mingling with that rapture. All but the bliss of meeting was forgotten; forgotten was the past anguish—the insurmountable gulf between them—the agony behind—the agony before—the coming and the gone-by despair. Only that moment then dwelt with them—all else to them was nothing.

The lady raises her head, only to gaze up into his face; silent from emotion, and yet too blest for tears. His lips move, but no words issue thence; delight hath made him dumb. The children, playing at their feet, look with unconscious wonder on the stranger—half fearful, ignorant of wrong, yet thinking of their father. The lady meets their inquiring eyes—she partly withdraws herself from the grasp of her lover.

“Ah, wherefore didst thou come?”

Long silence follows. Again, one long embrace—heart, soul, and spirit meeting at the touch.

Oh, a first love is a bond hard to break; and, oh, though she may seem weak and guilty through all that is to come, yet think what she has suffered—think what her fate hath been—think of the mighty passion suppressed so long, *now* finding outlet—think of the heart, so long held silent, *now* is that mute eloquence finding speech—think of the long uncompanioned years during which those souls have yearned for their predestined mates, *that* yearning at last satisfied, the kindred spirits met—think of all this, of all love is, of all it endures, inflicts, teaches—think of all this, and judge her gently!

The Earl of Cassilis returns from the hunting; the earl, his knights, and his squires, groom, hind and huntsman, wearied dog and wearied horse. The earl rides swiftly forward; wearied dog and wearied horse, groom, and hind, and huntsman, lag slowly home. The earl alights at his gate; his servants meet him at the door, with downcast looks they hold his bridle; they lead his steed to stall. The earl is a proud man, and seldom holdeth converse with inferiors; he asks no questions, but passes through them all, and climbs the stately stairs. Why is his babe crying in its cradle? He starts as he listens to its feeble wail! Why are his infants, subdued and silent, watching by that lonely cradle? The earl strides up the room—his children spring into his arms—his crying babe smiles as he nods his tall plume above its rest. But where is his wife?—where is their mother?—where is Lady Jean?

He asks his children, and all they say is—“She is gone!” He turns for information to the domestics; they stammer forth the truth—the Lady Jean is gone with the gipsy train, away with Johnie Faa!

The earl was a man of few words; short answer made he. But he put his children from him, and he left the room. He called his train of squires around him—fresh steeds are brought—wet, weary, chase-



stained as they are, they mount and ride away—they mount and ride in pursuit.

Not long—not far did they ride. Where the ford crosses Doon, they came upon the gipsies and their troop; and there, indeed, was Lady Jean, with her green kirtle above her snow-white robe, and a golden net holding back her golden hair; the pearls were gone—the shining clasps were gone—the rings from off her fingers were bright upon those of the gipsy-girls—the ring that wedded her to her proud earl was worn by Johnie Faa. Hand in hand with Johnie Faa, and heart to heart, the lady passed along. She thinks of nothing but her love. Her very children are for the time forgotten—all ties of habitual affection—all pride—all honour—all womanly shame—all self-respect—the purity of her unblemished name—the sanctity of the marriage-vow—everything hath passed before the overwhelming torrent of this re-awakened passion—so intense, so desolating! Desolating, indeed, it was, bringing ruin and death alike to the innocent and the guilty; for the vengeance was swift as terrible; and for those few rapturous moments came a retribution upon all connected with the actions of that day, dreadful in its prompt avenging.

The Earl of Cassilis was attended by so strong a band, that resistance was out of the question. The whole of the gipsy troop were taken prisoners. Johnie Faa defended bravely himself and his lady-love; but all in vain. They were made captive, and conveyed back to the Tower of Cassilis.

Never a word spake the earl on their homeward ride; nor did the Lady Jean say aught to him—she knew his disposition well—prayers and pleading would have been in vain; what he had resolved, that would he do. But she turned her head ever back towards where her lover came, his hands bound tightly behind him, led by two of the earl's retainers, and with his dark eyes fixed upon her form. She heeded not the presence of her husband, but continued to cheer her knight by affectionate words and gestures—the tears rolling down her cheeks as she spoke, her sobs of anguish and despair rendering almost inarticulate what she strove to say.

Reaching the tower, the earl selected fifteen of the youngest and handsomest among the gipsy men, and these, with Sir John Faa, were placed beneath the great plane tree in front of the house; the rest he dismissed with blows and stripes. They fled in terror, howling and lamenting; the laughing, merry maidens weeping; the old men, the women, the children, all alike feeling that some terrible consummation was about to involve their friends, their lovers, their fathers, their companions, in one common doom. But they did not dare to ask for mercy; they knew too well the stern earl's temper—all turned in sadness and despair away.

The earl bid that the fifteen should, one by one, be hung upon the plane tree, and that, last of all, Sir John Faa should suffer the same fate. Then, with strong arm, he led his lady into the castle, spite of her wild entreaties to be allowed to perish with her lover—spite of her loud shrieking farewells!

Johnie Faa echoed her farewells, but in firmer tones, mingled with heart-spoken blessings and prayers for her happiness. He reiterated a thousand times his expressions of undying love and worship—his

thanks for the return she had made him—his acknowledgment of her affection. These two lovers, thus on the brink of separation—of death—of unknown agony, thought only of each other, and their love! To them the future seemed nothing, as the past must soon be; and all that was to come, and all their weight of guilt, and all fear of punishment in this world, or in the next, were lost in the absorbing sorrow of that parting.

The lady was dragged into the castle—the rope was around the neck of the first of the poor gipsies who was thus to die for the fault of others, when a voice, at the window of the tower facing the plane tree, was heard to exclaim—

“Yes, thou shalt see it all—see all the misery thy crime causeth—suffer as these suffer; think of the condemnation thou hast given these, then live to remember!”

All looked towards the window; there were the countess and the earl.

One by one, the gipsies were given to their death—one by one they swung upon the great plane tree. The countess strove to flee from the sight, but her lord held her fast; and all he said was, ever and anon—

“See, cruel woman!—see, what thou hast done!”

The countess writhed and struggled to be free; but strove in vain. She strove to shroud her eyes, and shut out the dreadful spectacle, but could not prevent herself from looking; every time that she opened them, she closed them instantly again with a fearful shriek; for every time some face was turned towards her own, distorted in the death-agony. At last came Johnie Faa! then the earl, leaning from the window, shouted forth, “Bring him nigh beneath, that my lady may look upon her lover.”

They followed the earl's words; then the countess leaned forwards from the casement, her long hair streaming down; she reached her arms towards her love—she called wildly upon his name! He could not raise those fettered hands; but he answered her with tender speeches. Calm, proud, self-possessed, with no emotion visible upon that splendid countenance—save an unquenchable love for herself—save pity for her sorrow, he gazed upwards to her face. Then, murmuring a few passionate farewells, he turned towards the gallows-tree.

The shrieks of the unhappy lady made every cheek grow pale, save that of her stern husband, and her dying lover; these possessed a constancy which nothing could daunt; these shewed no fear, and no remorse.

What a terrible scene!—that miserable woman!—that dying man!—that stern husband, suffering so deeply!—inflicting so much! And those dead, ghastly witnesses, swinging slowly from the fatal tree!

This is not all. The lady lived long—lived in solitude and disgrace. She never saw more the children she had deserted—the husband she had injured. Through long—long miserable years she lingered, enduring the agony of a remembrance words could not depict—or the heart can scarce imagine.

Her husband built in her prison-house of Maybole, a stately oaken staircase, lighted by a noble window, rich with elaborate carving, and glowing with a thousand hues—the stained glass is crimson, purple, azure. Round this window, sixteen effigies of carved wood represent



the gipsies, and her lover Johnie Faa—the last somewhat larger than the rest, and faithfully shewing the proud beauty of the melancholy countenance—the earnest, honest expression of the large dark eyes.

On these the sunlight falls through the crimson and the purple panes, giving them life-like hues. On these she gazes, with eyes tears could not blind; and at last, with these terrible memories for ever round her, she closes those eyes on earth, and passes to her grave.

## THE DYING FLOWER.

(From the German of Rückert.)

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

HOPE! when spring returns anew,  
He will find thee living still;  
Autumn winds the leaves may strew,  
Yet the trees sweet hope can feel.  
In their buds a pow'r unheard  
Makes them hope till winter's past,  
Till their sap again is stirr'd,  
Till their green revives at last.

"Nay, I am no stalwart tree,  
Living countless summers o'er,  
When the dreams of winter flee,  
Weaving songs to spring once more,  
I am but a flow'r to bloom,  
Waken'd by the kiss of May,  
Then to find a snowy tomb,  
Where all trace must pass away."

Do not grieve, thou humble thing,  
Though thou art a flow'r indeed;  
For to all the plants that spring,  
Has been given a living seed.  
Death's black storm may o'er thee break,  
Scatt'ring all thy beauties wide;  
From the dust thou wilt awake  
To a hundred multiplied.

"Yes, 'tis true, there will be seen,  
Others, like me, when I'm gone,  
For the universal green\*  
Lives;—the single dies alone.  
What I have been they may be,  
But 'twill be myself no more,  
Now's the only time for me;  
None hereafter, none before.

"Though the sun, that with its flame  
Fills me, may for them be bright,  
Still my fate remains the same,  
Dooming me to endless night.  
Sun, thou eyest them even now  
In the future as they lie,  
Why for me such looks hast thou—  
Cold and from a cloudy sky?

"Ah, what trust in thee I placed,  
When I woke, kiss'd by thy ray;  
When upon thy face I gazed,  
Till it stole my life away.  
These few moments that I last  
From thy pity shall be free,  
Every leaf thus closing fast,  
I will perish, shunning thee.

"Yet my pride thy pow'r must own,  
And its ice in tears must run;  
Take my life, when it has flown,  
It is thine, eternal sun.  
Ev'ry trace of grief is driven  
From my soul by thy soft fire;  
For the blessings thou hast given,  
Take my thanks, as I expire.

"Gales, that from the summer skies,  
As I trembled, o'er me glanced,  
Countless swarms of butterflies  
That around me ever danced;  
Hearts that at my fragrance glow'd—  
Eyes that at my hue were bright;—  
All—yes, all to thee I owed,  
Made by thee of scents and light.

"I adorn'd this world of thine,  
Though an humble flow'r was I;  
In the fields thou bad'st me shine,  
As the stars in fields on high.  
Still I breathe a parting breath,  
'Tis no sigh—but speaks of love,  
And I dart a glance in death,  
On the world and heaven above.

"Thou, the world's bright heart of fire,  
Let me die in radiance drown'd;  
Heaven, my verdant charms expire,  
Spread thy blue pavilion round.  
Breeze of morning, be thou blest,  
Welcome, spring, thy glistening skies,  
Without grief I sink to rest—  
Without hope again to rise."

\* Ewig ist das ganze Grün  
Nur das Einzle welkt geschwind.

## MY FELLOW-TRAVELLER'S ADVENTURE.

A TALE OF "THE ARDENNES."

BY FREDERIC TOLFREY, AUTHOR OF "THE SPORTSMAN IN FRANCE."

## PART THE FIRST.

It was on a dark, dismal, drizzly night, (I cannot for the life of me, resist following the *Radcliffe Highway* of romance,) in the month of April 18—, that (as many travellers have done before me) I prepared most reluctantly to leave the warm and comfortable coffee-room of that much-frequented caravansery, "The White Horse Cellar," not without casting a "long and lingering look" on an empty pint decanter which had contained some very drinkable wine, and into which the waiter, as my bill assured me, had ingeniously contrived to pack a bottle of port. The discomfort and misery I was doomed to encounter on leaving the hotel were of my own seeking, for heedless of our variable and treacherous climate, I had booked myself for an outside place on the Marlborough coach, in the neighbourhood of which town I had been promised some excellent trout-fishing. The zealous and attentive waiter who had done me the favour of dividing the bottle of port with me, gave me to understand, as he handed me my great-coat, shawl, and "upper Benjamin," (for Mr. Macintosh, glued camlet, and India-rubber, were unknown in the days I write of,) that it was a "dirty night" for travelling, and on reaching the street I found the prediction of this knight of the napkin fulfilled to the letter.

An English April assumes to itself as wide a thermometrical range as the other eleven months of the year put together, favouring us alternately with balmy breezes and wintry blasts, between sunrise and sunset, as fickle as the veriest coquette that ever blew hot and cold in the same breath. On this memorable evening, in addition to a thorough November climate, the atmosphere was charged with an unmistakable Middlesex mixture of fog and mist. Now, everybody knows what a mist is; but a London mist is a mist of itself—a mist "*sui generis*," the mist "*par excellence*." It stands alone, or rather hangs, a dripping sample of a slow-and-sure shower-bath, midway between a murky vapour, miscalled clouds, and the greasy, sloppy, metropolitan pavement.

Having personally seen to the safe custody of my portmanteau, rod, and fishing basket, in the hinder boot of the coach, I ventured upon a furtive peep into the interior of the vehicle; but no such good fortune rewarded my curiosity as a vacant seat, which melancholy fact was confirmed by the vigilant Jehu, who, aware of my motive for endeavouring to ascertain the exact number of his living cargo, thus unequivocally set the matter at rest—

"Full inside, sir; and you're booked for the hout."

Now, whether the first part of this announcement had reference to the interior of his own individual Falstaffian rotundity, or the crowded state of the carriage under his command, I did not inquire; although a glance at his protuberant paunch would have satisfied the most indifferent observer upon that point.

"Is the box-seat disengaged?" I inquired.



"Box is took," was the answer. But by way of comfort I was assured that I should be accommodated with some dry straw on the roof.

I had heard in my nonage of a drowning man catching at a straw, and why should not a dripping one? So, making a virtue of necessity, I elbowed my way through a phalanx of touters, vendors of sour oranges, and evening papers, rushed with a frenzied resolution to my elevated position, and, in the language of the turf, became "an outsider" backing myself at long odds to be wet through before I reached my journey's end. By the time I had comfortably (at least, if such a term can be applied under such circumstances) packed myself up in straw, and secured the centre seat, our portly knight of the whip was squatted on the box, ribbons in hand, ready for a start. The guard, however, was still occupied in depositing to the best advantage, divers boxes, cases, and trunks on the roof behind me; and ere his task was completed, our full-blown coachman inquired if "that foreign gen'leman's trunks was amongst the luggage?"

"Which do you mean?" inquired the guard.

"Why, him wot we was to take up at the 'Cellar' or the 'Gloucester,' I'm blessed if I know which!" rejoined coachee.

"What do you call him?" added the guard.

"Blow me if I know; but he's got *two leaders* to his name," continued Jehu. "So you'd better look to your way-bill."

Acting upon this hint, the guard came round to the lamps, and having referred to the document in question, informed his colleague that the individual alluded to was a Mister "*Dee-lay-mott*;" that he was to be taken up at the "Gloucester," and that, moreover, "his traps was in the boot."

"All right!" said our driver—"run on to the 'Gloucester,' and tell 'em we're coming."

This first stage of our journey from the "Cellar" to the "Gloucester," as these rival houses were familiarly abbreviated by the dragsman, was soon accomplished; and as we pulled up at the corner of Berkeley-street, a tall gentleman, in an oil-skin travelling-cap, and a most capacious cloak, was seen to emerge from between those twin nuisances—a pair of swinging doors in the passage of the hotel.—(N.B. These slamming, jamming, abominations should be abolished in all well-regulated houses.)

"Is your name *Dee-lay-Mott*, sir?" inquired the guard.

"My name is Delamotte," answered the stranger. "Have you received my baggage which I sent to your coach by the porter of this hotel?" continued the embryo passenger.

"It's all right, sir!" was the rejoinder.

"Now then, if you please, sir, we're after time!" chimed in the coachman. "Plenty o' room behind *me*!" laying due emphasis on the pronoun personal.

Having seated the new customer by my side, and ascertained that "all" was "right," our well-fed "Phaeton" pulled his team together in a truly professional and workman-like manner, dropped his rein hand, sputtering forth that almost unwriteable incentive to equal progression—the well-known "*ptshisht*," "*ptshisht*;" and in proof of its magical influence on the quartet of quadrupeds before us, we were trotting down Piccadilly at a merry pace, in less than no time. I had

learnt from the colloquy between the coachman and guard, that my companion on the roof was a foreigner; but the brief sentences he had spoken were so free from the usual Continental accent, that but for the accidental discovery, confirmed by the name, Monsieur Delamotte might well have passed for an Englishman. I believe I "*entamé'd*" the conversation, which was carried on to the end of our journey, by remarking that such a fog, as the one we were driving through, was seldom to be seen in Paris.

"You have been in Paris, sir?" observed my companion.

I replied in the affirmative.

"Have you travelled much on the Continent?"

"A little," was my answer.

"Do you know Brussels?"

"Yes; and some few of the towns in the Low Countries, as well as Holland," I replied.

These interrogatories led to descriptions, and descriptions to anecdotes; and by the time we arrived at Hounslow, Monsieur Delamotte and myself were on very sociable terms. While our horses were being changed, we had agreed to comfort the inward man by a glass of hot brandy and water each—a restorative by no means unacceptable on such a night. On resuming our seats, and being once more fairly "*en route*," the "hot with" set our tongues in motion, and we chatted very cozily for nearly the whole of the next stage.

I found my new acquaintance a gentlemanly well-informed person. He had evidently read a great deal, and to some purpose; and had treasured up an abundant store of anecdote—in short, he was an enviable companion with whom to while away the tedium attendant upon a monotonous journey.

We had scarcely reached the outskirts of the town of Slough, when Monsieur Delamotte said—

"You were speaking just now of Brussels, and the field of Waterloo; did you ever extend your tour to the Forest of Ardenne?"

I replied that on one occasion I had accompanied a friend from Brussels to its confines, on a shooting excursion, shortly after the memorable battle 1815.

"That forest," continued my companion, "was once the scene of a long succession of the most atrocious murders—crimes unparalleled in the history of heartless bloodshed. Travellers of all ages, rank, and denominations, who had occasion to pass through that thickly-wooded territory, were missed, and never heard of more. Year after year these alarming facts became of such frequent occurrence, that the attention of all France was directed to the mysterious circumstance. The emperor (for these atrocities were committed under his despotic sway) was the first to institute inquiries, offer rewards, and cause measures to be adopted for the discovery of his missing subjects, or the almost supernatural means by which they had been lost to their friends. The efforts of the police, the gendarmerie, and even organized bands of the military were fruitless—not a clue could be obtained—the country was scoured for miles around the supposed spot, but without success. All was doubt, uncertainty, disappointment, and horror—the veil which shrouded the dark deeds was for the time impenetrable—strange as it must and will doubtless appear to you. I nevertheless do not hesitate to inform you, that I was the humble instrument of bringing them to light; and by the exercise of some



little presence of mind on the part of an attendant as well as myself, the miscreants were discovered and brought to justice. But I must not anticipate. I have thought it right to preface my tale by this little outline, as I conceived it possible you might have heard of the wholesale slaughter committed by the sanguinary gang which infested the neighbourhood of the Ardennes—for their marvellous exploits had excited the wonder of the whole of our continent, if not of Europe.

“ My father was a merchant in Paris, of which city he was a native, and I was likewise born in that capital. His wealth, as well as his uncompromising integrity, secured not only every worldly comfort and enjoyment, but that greatest of all consolations, the love and esteem of his fellow citizens. I was his only child, and, for a wonder, was not spoilt by an over-indulgent mother, or the caresses and adulation of my parents' friends. As I grew up, I was infected by the military mania common to the rising generation of the period, to which the unchecked successes of the greatest military commander the world ever knew contributed not a little. I longed to be a hero. Marengo and Austerlitz were magical sounds to me, and I prayed to my father that he might allow me to follow the profession of arms. He was deaf to my entreaties; and I made a vow, under the influence of disappointment, to become that most useless and miserable of human beings, an idle man, if I were not allowed to follow the bent of my inclination. My excellent father reasoned with me, but his arguments produced but little or no effect until he pictured to me in glowing colours the grief my beloved mother would be plunged in at parting with a child she doted on, if he persisted in rushing on the dangers inseparable from the life of a soldier. This latter argument prevailed; and I promised to relinquish all idea of a camp, if I might be permitted to select another profession for myself. I named the bar, but this proposition was combated by my inflexible parent, who gave me to understand most unequivocally that he had made up his mind I was to succeed him as a merchant—that the commercial line was the one he had fixed upon for me to follow, and that I must prepare myself for occupying one of the elevated stools in his counting-house. This determination staggered me; for the plodding, fagging, dry and uninteresting routine of the desk was my aversion. I gave no direct answer to my respectable father, and shut myself up in my room for some hours, to collect my thoughts, and to endeavour to act in conformity with his wishes. My better nature prevailed; for on reviewing the past kindness and affection of the best of parents, I could not bring myself to run counter to their wishes on so momentous an occasion as my establishment in life and future prospects. That same evening, at supper, (well do I remember that happy meal!) I embraced my dear mother and my father; and as I wept on the neck of the latter, I told him I was prepared to follow his wishes in every particular. At this period, I was but seventeen years of age, and about as romantic and enthusiastic a youth as ever cast up a ledger or wielded pen in a counting-house—for nearly five years I submitted to this drudgery without a murmur.

“ At length, one day my father called me into his private office, and said, ‘ Adolphe, I have every reason to be pleased with your submission to my will, as well as your attention to business, and in proof of the confidence with which you have inspired me, I am about to entrust you with a mission of importance connected with our house, for I feel

persuaded you will execute it in a manner worthy of a Delamotte. You will prepare to leave Paris to-morrow morning for the North of France. The business confided to you is not of so pressing a nature as to require you to travel post; you will ride; and you are at liberty to select the best saddle-horse from my stable.' This was joyful intelligence to a youth of ardent temperament like myself. I lost no time in making preparations for my journey, as you may suppose.

"That night, after that most sociable of family meals—supper, my provident father gave me my final instructions, interlarded with scraps of excellent advice, as to the object of my journey, and for my conduct on arriving at the place of destination."

"My principal business was to be transacted on the borders of French Flanders, and my route was by the ancient town of *Mezières*, and I found that I should either pass the outskirts, if not through, a considerable portion of the redoubtable Forest of Ardennes—but who at the age between one and two-and-twenty, ever regarded danger or knew fear? The very hazard of the enterprise gave an additional zest to my pilgrimage; and the idea of encountering some adventure *en route*, was charming in the extreme to my youthful fancy. In the morning, I was to receive my letters of recommendation and introduction, and I laid my head upon my pillow that night full of joyful anticipations, which the announcement of this unexpected expedition had given rise to.

"After an early and hurried breakfast, my kind father placed in my hands a sealed packet, containing papers relating to commercial affairs, and which I was to deliver to his correspondent; apart from this packet was a letter, which, as he delivered to me, he said was directed to his old schoolfellow and college friend, General M——. 'We have not met for many years,' continued my father—'not since you were a boy. You will be grown out of his recollection; but he is your godfather; and I promise you, *d'avance*, a cordial reception, were it only from the fact of your being a Delamotte. My old friend's chateau is situated about a league on this side of the now-dreaded Forest of Ardennes. To his care I have commended you, and may God grant you a safe and prosperous journey!'

"With tearful eyes and sorrowing hearts did my beloved and worthy parents bestow their blessing on their only child; and I left my paternal roof with feelings very different from those under which I had contemplated my departure on the preceding day.

"By the time I had passed the *Barrière St. Denis*, I had in some degree recovered my composure—the novelty of my position—the prospect before me of seeing something beyond the world of Paris—the probability of making new acquaintances, and of encountering some romantic adventure better worthy of being recorded than my boyish freaks in the metropolis—all tended to buoy up my spirits, and to anticipate new pleasures on this my first emancipation from the shackles of parental thralldom.

"My horse was a stout and active grey, of Norman extraction; and in accordance with the fashion of the day, I was seated between the pyramids of a double-peaked saddle, with my valise strapped to the hinder encumbrance, and my cloak before me. My father had presented me with a brace of excellent pistols, of Lepage's best make, and these were in the holsters. What more could a young man desire on a journey, save money? and of this I had ample store.



"As I had a long distance to travel, I seldom performed more than thirty-five or forty miles in one day. On the morning of the sixth, I reached the chateau of my godfather; and presenting my card and my father's letter to one of the domestics, remained in the courtyard awaiting the result. I was not long kept in suspense, for the venerable proprietor of the equally venerable-looking mansion hastened to greet and welcome me within his walls. My reception was most gratifying; and if I had been the general's own son, I could not have experienced a more affectionate reception.

"While I was partaking of the variety of good things which my worthy host had ordered to be spread before me, I explained to him the object of my journey, and expressed my intention of proceeding to the next town as soon as my horse had rested for an hour or two. The general, however, would not listen to such an arrangement; but finding me rather more obstinate than he expected, gave me to understand that such a plan was little short of madness; for as it was nearly noon, I should not be able to get through the forest before nightfall; and by way of a climax, added, 'you well know, my young impetuous friend, that even the most hardy never venture in or near the Ardennes at such an hour; I therefore must interpose the authority of a parent, and, acting in the place of your father, insist upon your remaining under my roof for this night at least. If you are resolved upon quitting me so abruptly, you are at liberty to resume your journey at any hour, and as early in the morning as you please.' Finding resistance in vain, I remained with my hospitable godfather, and, on parting with him at night, I told him I should be off at day-break.

"As soon as it was light, I crept down stairs as quietly and stealthily as I could, and made my way to the stables. I was busily engaged in saddling my steed, when my watchful host tapped me on the shoulder, and said, 'You see an old soldier can be as *matinal* as yourself. I suspected you would endeavour to give me the slip. But, my young friend, you must not think of traversing this part of the Ardennes alone. An old and trustworthy servant of mine, named Pierre, shall accompany you beyond the reach of all danger. I have given him my instructions, and he is at this moment preparing some *café au lait* in the kitchen, which I recommend you to take before you start.' Acting upon this kind advice, I swallowed a jorum of the comforting beverage, by which time the attendant was ready; and having shaken the old general most cordially by the hand, Pierre and myself left the chateau, not without a hearty benediction from its owner.

"As we walked our horses down the avenue leading from the chateau, I examined the priming of my pistols, and looked to my flints. Pierre was similarly occupied, for his master had provided him with a pair of formidable-looking weapons. We soon reached the forest; and for the first half-mile or so, after we had entered it, I confess to having felt rather nervous. I endeavoured to conceal my apprehensions from my attendant, with whom I kept up an animated conversation; and as we advanced, I grew bolder, and began to suspect that the evil reports of this spot had been strangely exaggerated. We kept a sharp look out, nevertheless, and did not pass an overgrown tree or a thicket without a cocked pistol in hand. Our sombre ride, however, was not interrupted by any intruders, for we emerged from the forest with whole skins shortly after one o'clock.

## THE INDIANS OF WESTERN AMERICA.

### GLIMPSES OF CALIFORNIA AND TEXAS.

MONSIEUR VIOLET\* may at this instant be walking about the streets of this magnificent Reality, called London, or he may never have had existence at all but as a fanciful traveller in the realms of fiction, the last-born creature of a rich and lively brain that has already peopled nations with its offspring. Monsieur Violet may have gone back to eat buffaloes' humps and beavers' tails, or he may be even now discussing chicken and claret with Captain Marryat here in the metropolis, (and in good sooth he might be very much worse off;) or, we repeat, he may be a shadow, a sound, a name, nothing. What matters it? In either case, we know him—know him as well as we know Catlin, or Cooper, or Irving, or even Marryat, who has introduced him to us.

The writer of these volumes asserts that the hero of them has been at his elbow while the pen was in his hand, affording him the full means of explanation and correction; and without telling us how the documents descriptive of such extraordinary travels and adventures came to hand, he disavows all responsibility with respect to an "air of romance," which assuredly does hang over the narrative. He has rather softened than heightened the tone.

We are far from doubting or disliking the work on the score of the marvellous matters it relates. If it had not been of the wonderful kind, we should have wondered indeed. There is no cause of complaint on this head. That very soon appears, and the presumption becomes certainty as we read our way into the middle of the startling series of narratives. At length, so accustomed are we to the exposition of wonders, that we feel astonishment most, when we arrive at a page in which there is little or nothing to surprise us. That there should be nothing strange is quite marvellous.

But to speak gravely, this work—interesting in itself whoever may be the real hero of it—and excellently written, to whomsoever the chief claim of authorship may belong—offers choice and novel matter for an hour or two's entertainment, as we hope here to shew.

The admirable works of Cooper, illustrative of the life, character, and behaviour of certain tribes of the American Indians, and descriptive generally of existence in the forest and prairie, have naturally predisposed many readers to feel an interest in that extraordinary race of men, broken as it is into such numerous varieties, which mere romance can seldom inspire. Love and admiration of the inimitable Leatherstocking should long keep Indian memory alive all over Europe, even if it had no claim to be preserved on its own account, and if the whole Indian race, in the rapid progress of years—which here bring, not "the philosophic mind," but the rage for a civilization more barbarous than so called barbarism—should be doomed to utter extinction.

Much knowledge has been derived from various works, not to speak of Mr. Catlin's very recent one, respecting the more northern tribes of the American Indians; but it was reserved for M. Violet

\* Narrative of the Travels and Adventures of Monsieur Violet in California, Sonora, and Western Texas. Written by Capt. Marryat, C.B. 3 vols.



(having Capt. Marryat at his right hand when his travels and adventures were over) to paint the least known—the Western tribes. Of these, the Pawnees, the Blackfeet, and the Crows, have become partially known. Washington Irving, in his “Astoria,” gives, if we remember, some particulars of the predatory movements of these remarkably pleasant persons! but the Comanches, Apaches, Arrapahoes, Wakoes, and Shoshones, have been almost strangers to us hitherto. Now all these—herein styled the Bedouins of the Great Western Deserts—are originally descended from the Shoshones, or as they are usually called, the Snake Indians.

The incidents and descriptions, consequently the information contained in this narrative, extend not merely to these tribes, not simply into the desert prairies (little known we need not say) of central America, but we have accounts of the countries of California and Western Texas, which bring news to most readers, and are of particular interest at a time when the republic of Texas has so recently obtained recognition from the English government.

Having thus very briefly indicated the scope of the narration, we purpose to start off, here and there, to some attractive point of information or excitement, just as the hero himself appears to have rambled and run wild, without, at any turn of his changing course, pausing to explain his object—about which we confess we are somewhat in the dark.

Without stopping to inquire how young Master Violet came, while yet a boy, to herd with the wild children of the desert, and within view, at eighteen, of being a chief among the Snake Indians, let us survey him at that age just commencing his adventures in a journey to Monterey, the queen-city of California.

Nice place that Monterey, according to these notes. No muddy streets, and smoky factories; no splashing cabs, and surly policemen; no mobs of men of business hurrying to their engagements like steam-engines; but instead, a bay, blue and bottomless, with beautifully timbered shores; a prairie lawn, flower-broidered, covered with hundreds of vine-clad cottages. A convent with massive walls, a church with a graceful spire, a sky of the deepest blue, and all below looking as happy as if they were dwellers beyond it!

No wonder, after this, that “even the dogs are polite at Monterey; and the horses, which are grazing about, run up to you and appear as if they would welcome you on your arrival.” Delightful indeed! but unfortunately selfishness is at the bottom of this politeness, as it often is elsewhere; for we learn that every traveller carries a bag of salt at his saddle-bow, and these animals, as is clear by their rubbing their noses against it, “come to beg a little salt, of which they are very fond!”

We add to this a characteristic of Monterey, which seems to be recorded as a more exquisite marvel still—that the English who reside there are contented, and that the Americans are almost honest!

After this, we can afford to encounter a little of the rough; and see human nature in a light, as we see it in these pages sometimes, so horrible and revolting as to forbid us to own it as human.

Our course, however, lies not through any of those stiff and gloomy sectarian villages of the United States, of which, at this point of the narrative, we are favoured with a bird's-eye view—“A sectarian

village, with its nine banks, eighteen chapels, its one *a b c* school, and its immense stone jail, very considerably made large enough to contain its whole population!"

From the ancient city of Monterey, wherein we see the Californians to the very best advantage, with their proverbially beautiful voices, their gay amusements, their vast wealth, and uninterrupted health,—this latter being so excellent always, that they have a saying there, "He who wishes to die must leave the city;"—we follow Monsieur Violet in his path to the country of the Shoshones, of whom, as of the other tribes mentioned, very interesting accounts are furnished. The women are graceful and chaste, the men brave and trustworthy; they are fond of justice, though they love vengeance; they have stern laws, which are rigidly enforced; they prefer peace to war, and are a race worthy to rank with the humanest and best of the savage tribes. One of their characteristics is set forth in the following:—

"I have said that they are good astronomers, and I may add that their intuitive knowledge of geometry is remarkable. I once asked a young chief what he considered the height of a lofty pine. It was in the afternoon, about three o'clock. He walked to the end of the shadow thrown by the pine-tree, and fixed his arrow in the ground, measured the length of the arrow, and then the length of the shadow thrown by it; then measuring the shadow of the pine, he deducted from it in the same proportion as the difference between the length of the arrow and the length of its shadow, and gave me the result. He worked the Rule of Three without knowing it."

Among the Comanches, and one or two other of these western tribes, many great and noble virtues hold their root in spite of every corrupting and destroying influence by which purity and integrity can be assailed. They have at the same time, in the taking of scalps and other barbarous customs, the true Indian stamp upon their natures as well for evil as for good. A story here will shew the baseness to which they are often victims, and the savage cunning of their revenge. The lawless career of many who resort to the western wilderness is faintly pictured in the tale.

A wretch, known by the name of Overton, who having been employed as an English agent by the Fur Company, acquired in the cheapness of military titles the appellation of Colonel, was known, as well among the Yankee traders as among the Indians, to be a desperate and atrocious scoundrel—cheating, plundering, and betraying all parties who employed him to preside over their barter, and murdering whenever it suited his interests. He at last rendered his name so notorious by villanies practised in every direction, that each party in turn doomed him to death;—the Indians were to scalp him, the English to hang him, and the Yankees to put him to torture. Even the Mexicans, who for their own purposes had long protected him, at last put a price upon his head. But he disappeared—became invisible, for two years; when a party of Comanches returning from an expedition encountered their pale-faced plunderer, and gave the old enemy chase. Away they flew—Overton, nobly mounted, cleared the broken ground fast, without getting out of view of his pursuers, whose horrible yell rang ever in his ears. Reaching a ground covered with pine trees he deemed himself safe, for beyond was a level valley, miles long, in which he had a chance of distancing the Indians; when to his horror and amazement he found between him and the valley a chasm broad and deep, over which no horse however fresh could possibly have leapt. The voices



of the pursuers were in his ears; he dismounted, led his horse to the brink, and pricked him with his knife; the noble animal took the leap, and fell from pointed crag to crag into the abyss below. A long hollow log lay by the edge of the precipice—beneath this the fugitive crawled.

Indian cunning, and the instinct of refined cruelty, here peep out. "He has leapt over," said one, as the wild party arrived; "it was the full jump of a panther." They agreed to repose for a time, and entered into conversation—*feigning ignorance* of the near neighbourhood of the trembling fugitive. They discussed and compared ideas of the torture to which they would have subjected him—no torments were left undescribed—and they were dwelt upon at length, in order to prolong the miserable hearer's agony. At last, a proposal is made to camp and make a fire upon the spot—and the log is quietly mentioned.

"Overton now perceived that he was lost. From under the log he cast a glance around him: there stood the grim warriors, bow in hand, and ready to kill him at his first movement. He understood that the savages had been cruelly playing with him, and enjoying his state of horrible suspense. Though a scoundrel, Overton was brave, and had too much of the red blood within him not to wish to disappoint his foes—he resolved to allow himself to be burnt, and thus frustrate the anticipated pleasure of his cruel persecutors. To die game to the last is an Indian's glory, and under the most excruciating tortures, few savages will ever give way to their bodily sufferings. Leaves and dried sticks soon surrounded and covered the log—fire was applied, and the barbarians watched in silence. But Overton had reckoned too much upon his fortitude. His blood, after all, was but half Indian, and when the flames caught his clothes, he could bear no more. He burst out from under the fire, and ran twice round within the circle of his tormentors. They were still as the grave; not a weapon was aimed at him, when, of a sudden, with all the energy of despair, Overton sprang through the circle, and took the fearful leap across the chasm. Incredible as it may appear, he cleared it by more than two feet; a cry of admiration burst from the savages; but Overton was exhausted, and he fell slowly backwards. They crouched upon their breasts to look down—for the depth was so awful as to giddy the brain—and saw their victim, his clothes still in flames, rolling down from rock to rock till all was darkness."

The malignant cunning of the Indian nature is finely set off sometimes by magnanimity of feeling. The Indians in this case would have scorned to use their arrows, even against a wretch like Overton, if he could have kept his footing on the other side of the chasm. The grandeur of the leap would have saved him. There is a chivalrous spirit in these rangers of the Western wilds, not to be exceeded in history, and elevating them assuredly in humanity, and an honourable feeling both as foes and friends, above the tribes of the East.

How is it then that among a people so disposed, the name of the "white man" is now considered to be a term of reproach—that the pale-faces have come to be spoken of by Indians as dogs, and are often hung or shot when fallen in with. If there be truth, as to all appearance there is, in these accounts, this deplorable enmity is attributable to the disgraceful conduct of the Texians towards the Indians. The evil inflicted by thus raising up implacable foes in men who cannot distinguish between an American and a Texian is incalculable. But to understand Texian aggression, and to survey the people who live under this republic which we have just recognised, we must turn to the book.

The population was, at the period of the independence, estimated at forty thousand—they now call themselves seventy-five thousand; a fearful number, if we consider what the people are. "Texas," says

M. Violet, "has been from the commencement the resort of every vagabond and scoundrel who could not venture to remain in the United States; and unfortunately the Texian character was fixed and established, as a community wholly destitute of principle or probity before the emigration of more respectable settlers commenced." The decent emigrants appear to have passed over into Mexico or the Southern United States; and in good season, when drunkards, thieves, and murderers are as numerous almost as citizens. That we may have a due idea of the security of life and property in Texas, it is stated that "there are numerous bands of robbers continually on the look out to rifle and murder the travellers," and that "it is of frequent occurrence" for a house to be plundered, and every individual murdered, "by miscreants who, to escape detection, *dress and paint themselves as Indians.*"

Some statements are given, relative to the causes of Mexican defeat, and the battle that decided the separation of Texas, which are of importance as shewing that impressions in England, as well as in other countries, are extremely erroneous on these points, and that the grossest misrepresentations have tended to neutralize that sympathy for the Mexicans which should have been exerted powerfully in their favour. The specimens of newspaper lies given by M. Violet portray the very foulest features of human nature, and prompt a wish that Texas were blotted for ever from the map of humanity.

A bare list of the treacheries and murders committed at the expense both of the white and red men, by monsters here countenanced, would fill a volume. Take as a specimen this. Our traveller was out with a hunting-party of young Comanches, when they met two companies of Texian rangers and spies, commanded by a Capt. Hunt, who forthwith shewed them where a settlement of twenty or thirty families had been attacked by savages said to be Comanches, who had carried off cattle and horses, and murdered sixty or seventy men, women, and children. The bodies were shockingly mangled and scalped; Violet, on viewing them, was at once positive that the deed had been committed by white men. The Comanche chief indignantly shewed this to be the case; Indians never scalped children and women as had been done here—never were known to expose them before death to a brutality which it was plain these had suffered. The Comanches started off on their tracks, and soon brought in three white wretches disguised as Indians, who were at once identified as of the murdering gang. But Captain Hunt refused to punish them, under the plea that he had received orders to act against *Indian* depredators but not against *white men*! Hanged, however, they were, by the decree of no civilized tribunal; and the Captain himself is found soon afterwards experiencing as disastrous a fate.

The Indians interpret the word "Texas" as the "land of plenty;" but it would seem that there was no law or lawyer in the land, when murderers steeped to the lips in blood were thus let loose by the government authorities. But on the contrary, the place is full of lawyers. We quote the second volume:—"The lawyers discovered that on a moderate computation there were not less than *ten thousand attorneys* in Texas, who had emigrated from the Eastern states; the president, the secretaries, constables, tavern-keepers, generals, privates, sailors, porters, and horse-stealers were all of them originally lawyers



or had been brought up to that profession!" After this, there are people living who will be less disposed to discredit the surpassing roguery of the Texians; as they will not wonder at the impunity allowed to rascals, when they are told that one, who would otherwise have been sent to prison, was allowed to go, "for it so happened that the jail was not built for such vagabonds, but for the government officers, who had their sleeping apartments in it."

And when the forms of law happen to be gone through, what is the manner and what the result? We will abridge a description of a scene witnessed in Boston—that is to say, in Texian Boston. Arrived at the courthouse, the party found the judge seated on a chair which he was "whittling" so earnestly as to have forgotten where he was, while on each side of him were half a dozen jurymen similarly practising on square blocks. Each (judge included) had his cigar in his mouth, and a flask of liquor, to which they occasionally appealed, was before them. The attorney who was addressing the court, was also smoking—so were the plaintiff and defendant—so, too, were the witnesses, and also the public in general. So much for the court, now for the case.

The defendant was the postmaster and general merchant of the country, and he was on his trial for murder. A man who had purchased goods of him, had received from him a counterfeit fifty dollar note; with which, on its being refused elsewhere, he went back, and sought to change it for a good one. This was refused, the young man declared that he had been swindled, and the honest merchant killed him on the spot by flinging at him a nine-pound iron weight. The argument now was, that this was accidental, and designed only to frighten away a turbulent customer; but not a word was said about the *note*, though every body knew that the defendant had wilfully defrauded the deceased, and that it was part of his trade to pass off forged notes upon the inexperienced. At last, when the proceedings were far advanced, one of the jurymen approached the defendant, and addressed him in so low a voice that no word escaped, but his parting words were audible, "All's right!" His example was followed by another jurymen, and his again by a third; and, in short, all the jury in succession stepped up "to have a little private conversation with the prisoner." At length, the judge himself, with an independence and a manly scorn of concealment that put the whispering jurymen to shame—the judge left his seat, went up to the prisoner, and said openly—"Any good saddles, Fielding? mine looks rather shabby!" "Yes, by jingo, a fine one, bound with blue cloth and silver nails, Philidephia made, prime cost sixty dollars." "That will do!" answered the judge, as he walked back to his seat.

Need we proceed? is not the tale already finished? Who could fail to foresee an acquittal—that is, a verdict of manslaughter—the prisoner being humanely considered by the judge "sufficiently punished by the affliction which such an accident must produce to a generous mind!" The court of criminal law in Texian Boston broke up with three cheers, and judge and jury quitted the scene to enjoy a "treat," as agreed upon, at the cost of the acquitted! That night, the merchant's dwelling was burnt down, he himself killed, and the judge wounded in the midst of his carousal. This was a work of

revenge—the agent was the father of the young man, whose murder had been the subject of this horrible mock-trial.

Assuredly, according to these picturesque pages, we do not find ourselves warmed by love and admiration of our fellow creatures, in proportion as we quit the prairie and approach the city. As our traveller entered the white settlements of the Sabine river, he found in fact, that far from arriving at civilization, he was receding from it. The farms of the Wakoos, a superior Indian tribe, and the well-cultivated fields of the Pawnee Picts, their numerous cattle and comfortable dwellings, were a strong contrast to miserable twelve-foot square mud and log cabins. Every farmer was a scarecrow, every woman would have been the same if she had had rags enough upon her. Where, then, it may well be asked, was the boasted superiority of Texians over Indians?

“Upon inquiry, we discovered that these frontier men were all, more or less, eminent members of the Texian Republic—one being a general, another a colonel; some speakers of the House of Representatives; and many of them members of Congress, judges, and magistrates. Notwithstanding their high official appointments, we did not think it prudent to stop among them, but pushed on briskly, with our rifles across the pommels of our saddles; indeed, from the covetous eyes which these magistrates and big men occasionally cast upon our horses and saddlebags, we expected at every moment that we should be attacked.”

Let us peep, not into an Indian wigwam, but at an American *table-d'hôte* for a vision of refinement. The scene is the “city” before-mentioned:—

“The dinner bell rang a short time after our arrival, and for the first time in my life I found myself at an American *table-d'hôte*. I was astonished, as an Indian well might be. Before my companions and self had had time to sit down and make choice of any particular dish, all was disappearing like a dream. A general opposite to me took hold of a fowl, and, in the twinkling of an eye, severed the wings and legs. I thought it was polite of him to carve for others as well as himself, and was waiting for him to pass over the dish after he had helped himself, when, to my surprise, he retained all he had cut off, and pushed the carcass of the bird away from him. Before I had recovered from my astonishment, his plate was empty. Another seized a plate of cranberries, a fruit I was partial to, and I waited for him to help himself first and then pass the dish over to me; but he proved to be more greedy than the general, for, with an enormous horn spoon, he swallowed the whole. The table was now deserted by all except by me and my companions, who, with doleful faces, endeavoured to appease our hunger with some stray potatoes. We called the landlord, and asked him for something to eat; it was with much difficulty that we could get half-a-dozen of eggs and as many slices of salt pork. This lesson was not thrown away upon me; and afterwards, when travelling in the States, I always helped myself before I was seated, caring nothing for my neighbours. Politeness at meals may be, and is practised in Europe, or among the Indians, but among the Americans it would be attended with starvation.”

Though the Indians drop gradually out of being when surrounded and demoralized by the whites, this work asserts the important fact that the increase of the Indian population is considerable among the great uncontrolled nations; such as the Chippewas and Dahcotahs of the north United States, the Comanches and the Pawnees on the boundaries of Texas, the Shoshones (snakes) on the southern limits of the Oregon, and the Apaches of Sonora, “those bold Bedouins of the Mexican deserts, who constantly on horseback wander in immense phalanxes from the eastern shores of the Gulf of California to the very waters of the Rio Grande.” And with them grows too, a deeply-



rooted and invincible hatred towards the American—a feeling common to them all, as wrongs more or less are common; and they have but to think of recent and of still-continued acts of tyranny and faithlessness, of heartless disregard of rights, and shameful violation of solemn treaties, to burn in silence for the coming day of retaliation and revenge. The spread of Mormonism, and its probable influence upon this susceptible mass of stern Indian feelings, under the cunning agency of the Mormon leader, and of course to the vital injury of America, offers a ground for grave reflection.

But on this, not a word here; and only one can we spare, to express the excited feelings with which we have perused Captain Marryat's vivid descriptions of the various Watertonian encounters with wild animals, and of the scenes presented when the vast prairie is on fire, and the flames drive before them countless herds of frightened wolves, panthers, and buffaloes, with myriads of smaller fugitives trampling on each other in their flight.

## SENTENCES ON SIMILES.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

HAM. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in the shape of a camel?

POL. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel indeed.

HAM. Methinks it is like a weasel.

POL. It is backed like a weasel.

HAM. Or like a whale.

POL. Very like a whale.

*Hamlet.*

IN estimating the merits of a portrait, there is one condition more essential than the rest—it must be *like*. Truth of likeness is the first point of excellence. So in the affair of a simile, however employed—whether in an epic poem or in ordinary table-talk—there must be a likeness in the case; some positive point of resemblance between two objects, to warrant the introduction of the ominous word “like.”

Portrait-painters, however, in defiance of the imperativeness of the condition specified, often give a preference to an imaginary past likeness over the present, and assume some features of resemblance which probably never existed. Again, in as many instances, they persist in looking forward to a period of similitude, anticipating a likeness to be hereafter recognised.

“Oh, sir,” said the disappointed mother, when the artist had finished her child's portrait, “you have done it beautifully indeed, only it is not in the least like my little boy.”

“My dear madam,” said the far-seeing R.A., “he will *grow like it*, astonishingly like.”

But the makers of similes, by pen and speech, often proceed upon a plan far more unrestricted than this, which seems nevertheless to have no limit, as it includes with the present the past and future. Their plan appears to be to look for the likeness not merely where it is not, but where it never was and never will be.

Poets, of course, are privileged people; and though not allowed to

invent resemblances non-existent and impossible, have a licence to detect in things inward and remote a lurking and most unlikely similarity. Their similes may either imply a likeness immediate, exact, and undeniable, or an analogy existing only in feeling, in sympathy, in the dimness of association, in the impalpable depths of the obscure. Of the two kinds, the latter is the more poetical; and, strange to say, that in this respect swarms of plain prosy people are in their hourly household discourse poetical exceedingly.

Where can one turn for an hour's chat, east or west of the city—on what topic can we hold a ten minutes' gossip either with the busy or the idle, the rough or the refined, the matter-of-fact or the imaginative—and not find a passion for seeking resemblances, for pursuing similes under difficulties—breaking out at every second sentence of the conversation! Why, the habit of hunting up similitudes is universal. These are the likes that beget likes.

Some matter-of-fact man took the pains once, it is said, to count up the number of similes scattered by Moore over the "Life of Sheridan;" but did the cunning critic skilled in Cocker, though probably blessing his stars as he read over his own naked prose, that he was no poet, ever tax his arithmetic so far as to count up the number of similes and no similes he himself might be heard to let drop, in the course of one day's disjointed discursive talk upon the hundreds of common-places that are continually arising! Why, it is a faculty which the highest and the lowest have in common; and it would doubtless happen, if we were to leave out the consideration of excellence and beauty, and confine ourselves to numbers alone, that the very dullest of Mr. Moore's commentators would perpetrate in a day more similes than he would.

In what degree the organ of comparison is ordinarily developed on the heads we see about us, phrenology best knows; but if there be any external token, corresponding in dimensions with the excess and constancy of the habit, some of our acquaintances ought to find it impossible to get their hats on.

Not one in a hundred, of the ten thousand who having something to say for themselves, are pretty sure to say it if you give them the opportunity, but cultivates the practice—often unconsciously, it is true, but always finding in it some relief or convenience, as children do in the pictures that embellish their story-books. They are both helps and ornaments. Whatever the image in the speaker's mind, to think of something like it, not merely assists his description, and presents it more vividly, but it helps him to define it more clearly to himself, and to comprehend all its bearings more completely.

When he has found this out, the faculty gets more frequently into play, and similes come to him of their own accord. He finds one in a case of perplexity a wonderful interpreter of his unexpressed meanings. When his object is not clear, whether for want of clear thoughts or plain words, the simile is held up like a mirror, and displays the doubtful object with distinctness. It is like the good luck of happening to think "of a church of the same name" when you cannot recollect how your new acquaintance is called, Nokes or Styles. The use of a simile is as convenient for clearing up, as the production of a miniature in the final act of a play, when a general consanguinity among the characters is the author's last card.

Where such effects are producible, no wonder that the habit becomes



catching, and that every idea begets another, the instant it is born, to image and represent it; as the swan that floats double on St. Mary's Lake, is imaged by its shadow in the water. Thus people who, as some would inconsiderately suppose, are unblessed with one single idea, are in reality possessed of a pair; the one having no sooner taken its first peep into existence, than you find it is "like" something else, so dissimilar and remote, that it would never by any possible chance have entered into your imagination to conceive it. Actual likeness soon, of course, comes to be little thought of, and similes are naturally adopted quite at random.

But even an entire want of appropriateness is not found to destroy the efficacy of the simile; though it should at last turn out to be as complete a mystification as that native of Ireland of whom his countrymen said, that "he was like nothing in the world but himself, and not much of that."

There is a capital pair of similes in one of the Falstaff scenes; the first as illustrative of exactness and appropriateness, as the second is illustrative (in appearance) of that total inapplicability, and that innocence of all resemblance in the things compared, of which we have been speaking.

"The rogue," saith Sir John, panting at the mere idea of a running-match, "the rogue fled from me *like quicksilver*."

"I'faith," cries Doll, "and thou followedst him *like a church*!"

This last is wonderfully like the similes current in general company, and now in hourly use; but in reality it is a very counterpart of its companion for exactness and for truth. A running dodging fellow would naturally enough awaken in Falstaff's mind the idea of quicksilver; while of fat Jack's running after him, the young lady had the same idea as of the lively movements, the unassisted velocity, of a church. Doll could have done nothing whatever in the way of description of Falstaff's hopeless incapacity for following the fugitive, like producing the picture of immovability conveyed by that extraordinary simile.

The necessity of resorting to the simile in all such desperate cases, is felt even from earliest boyhood. Even in schooldays, when events so fall out that it is difficult at the moment to call to mind anything like them, they yet must be likened to something or other; and accordingly we hear how "Thwaites has been a punching Wiglins's head *like anything*!" Like *what*, it were impossible to say; but anything is better than nothing, and the sentence could not be terminated without a comparison.

It is on this principle, found out so early in life, and in the consciousness of this want which accompanies us all through it, that certain phrases have been invented and dispersed through the world, as legitimate and recognised substitutes for this too general and indefinite simile, "like anything." It was felt in the process of time, to be more dignified to mention explicitly some one object of comparison, no matter for its absolute and notorious non-resemblance in the particular case; and hence by a happy social fiction, profound as some of the fictions for which the law is famous, the ingenious expression, "like bricks," rose into popularity.

To hear of ministers putting on taxes like bricks, or of public

meetings assembling like bricks—of Snaggs drinking pale ale like bricks, and of Braggs smoking mild Havannahs like bricks—of one talking like bricks, and another bolting like bricks—in short, of men universally, reading, writing, toiling, and begging like bricks—paying their debts, and cheating their creditors like bricks—soon became quite a matter of course. The admirable invention seemed to be universally applicable, because it nowhere applied; it was even said of persons who have a passion for erecting new tenements by the thousand, in every lime-besprinkled suburb of London, that they were building houses like bricks, the houses being in reality like lath.

A slight variation, equally avoiding the chances of applicability, was now suggested by a sense of universal convenience,—and “like blazes,” broke frequently on the gratified ear. The tide was said to be running up like blazes, or teetotalism getting on like blazes, or trade being opened like blazes. The appositeness of the simile was everywhere recognised; and, as in the case of bricks, it saved trouble in particularizing, and left all to the imagination.

Similar advantages were discoverable in the use of the term “winkin;” and looking like winkin, riding like winkin, and spending money like winkin, equally testified to the value set upon a stock phrase, by which a mysterious likeness to something not admitting of a definition was clearly implied.

How much better is it, since similes in conversation can no more be dispensed with than syllables, to have in this way a standard image, whatever it may be—bricks or winkin—set up as it were by proclamation and national consent, to which all other images as soon as they arise in the mind must instinctively conform. Better, surely, than to be beating about for similitudes, stopping and stammering in the hurry of discourse to pick out an exact object of comparison; and after all, perhaps, succeeding only in suggesting, that the lady cried like the muffin-man, while her lover went and shot himself like a partridge. Better, again we say, than to be brought to a dead standstill, with a simile sticking in one’s throat — “For all the world like—like—like—” and no, nothing in all the world can one think of like it, because one has all the world to seek a comparison in, “where to choose.”

Everybody in turn, however apt at finding resemblances, and of however busy an imagination, has been on some interesting occasion in this predicament;—the organ of comparison is tuned, but the bellows will not work.

“Why, ma’am, little Jessie, who is but eight months old, would no more mind it than, than—nothing at all.”

“Don’t ask me, pray don’t ask me to play at cards—I could just as soon play whist as—just—as the—a—Thames.”

“Strange kind of people—very strange, as you properly observe, my dear sir. I stayed with them six weeks; and yet I declare I know no more about any one of them, than—than—than I could fly!”

My old tutor, venerable Jacob Wright, was the first person singular that ever drew my attention to the common practice of simile-making. He was a master-hand at it—with him it was a grand art, and he would create a simile under the ribs of death. Well remembered to this day is the summer morning, when, having a holiday from breakfast-time,



he came into school at seven to give as a single hour's attendance. Dressed ready for departure, his ordinary brown-black was cast aside, and we were dazzled by the shining sable of his suit.

We proceeded with our lessons as usual, when a point for explanation arose, and Jacob, whose thoughts till then had evidently not wandered far from his new array and the approaching hours of pleasure and liberty, began to expound to us some novel passage.

"A passage," said he, in his gayest tones, "which has little of the peculiar character of this author, and which indeed has been said by some critics to be in the manner of Theocritus; though it is no more like Theocritus—" (here his glances wandered over the ceiling and floor, and then round the walls of the school, till it rested complacently on his own knees as he sat)—"no more like Theocritus, than it is like *my black satin breeches!*"

Whereat, there was a rush of many eyes, all in one direction; and all, with one admiring, devouring gaze, settled on the glossy novelties, which were of black satin, indeed! Jacob, the simplest, wisest of old men, was a vain old idiot that sunny morning. Breeches would have ruined him if he could have got them often. Black satin would have turned him into a peacock.

But this was doubtless quite an involuntary turn. What good Jacob Wright was famous for, was his sheer inventions and sham-similes, thrown out to set one wondering and inquiring. Many a dull boy brightened his wits, by reflection and investigation, while looking for an analogy where none existed. But this sport he practised only on the older heads, and so grave was his manner that heads aged as his own might be taken in.

Harmless almost always, the jest generally tended to set us reading or meditating; but it admitted of a rather mischievous imitation sometimes, and L., one of the most mischief-loving as well as humorous of our set, was often on the watch to catch victims by catching Jacob's style.

He would be heard speaking seriously enough concerning some object, of which, when he had drawn towards him the listeners he wanted, he would declare that it possessed the most contradictory properties; adding carelessly, as if the fact were indisputable—

"It is like an ebony ruler, which, though so hard a substance when applied to anything else, has, as is perfectly well known, no power to break glass."

Leaving this fact to fix itself in the wondering minds of youthful experimentalists, he would wait quietly until the morning, to count the boys who were to be flogged for breaking windows.

Among the conscientious, however, who are for formal exactness and literal truth in their similes, no plan can be so safe as that on which we observe people now and then acting—that of comparing a thing, not to something else, but to itself. Thus they will inform you, that a terrier in a rabid state, bit a soldier, and ran off like a mad dog; that the soldier flung after him a stone like a brick, swearing all the time like a trooper; that the surgeon applied his knife to the wound like a bit of cold steel; that the patient bore it like a Trojan; while a certain pretty lass leaned over him, the tears running out of her eyes like—water.

## Our Library Table.

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### THE POOR-LAW SYSTEM.

*Jessie Phillips; a tale of the present day. By Mrs. Trollope. 3 vols.*—*Jessie Phillips* is a charming, cheerful, melancholy, kind-hearted work—telling hard truths, and leaving no soft sweet feeling of our nature unvisited and unmoved. We are greatly disappointed—and most agreeably. The first announcements led us to anticipate a romantic treatise on the poor-laws—necessarily disagreeable in itself, and comparatively useless as a critical commentary on the working of the Amendment Act, because bearing the form of a fiction; unpleasant therefore as a novel, and intolerable as a long pamphlet. We expected a sort of work that might have been entitled, “Somerset-house; or, the tyrant-triumvirate,” in three volumes, one to be levelled, as a knock-down blow, at each of the poor-law commissioners. We made a wrong guess, and perhaps ought to have known the powers of the writer better. We have read the book with a fully-atoning enjoyment—a feeling of painfulness, of something extremely repulsive, obtruding strongly in parts, especially in the third volume—but not, on the whole, preponderating—certainly not.

Of the design, first, which the writer had in the choice of subject, and of the “political economy” of her tale of the present day. The work is so constructed, as to illustrate by its characters and chief incidents the spirit and the working of the present poor-law system. (Let no gentle anti-political admirer of the soft humanities and cheerful inspirations of romance, be wrought upon thereby to forego the reading of it—but of this anon.) Mrs. Trollope tells us in the last page of her story that the course of it would have wandered less widely from what she at first intended, had she not received during its progress a multitude of communications urging various and contradictory modes of treating the subject. This begat a perplexity that rendered her fearful of dealing too closely with a theme which would inevitably be presented to public judgment under a variety of aspects. We quote what follows:

“The result of the information which has been earnestly sought for by the author and eagerly given by many appears to be that a new poor-law differing essentially from the old one was absolutely necessary to save the country from the rapidly-corroding process which was eating like a canker into her strength; but that the remedy which has been applied lacks practical wisdom, and is deficient in legislative morality, inasmuch as expediency has, on many points, been very obviously preferred to what the Christian law teaches us to believe right. Nevertheless, it appears evident that much of the misery so justly complained of might be remedied, were the patient and truly tolerating spirit at work in all quarters on the subject.”

The last sentence is unquestionably true; and we are happy to see so able a pen as Mrs. Trollope’s zealously working with a view to the promotion of so excellent a purpose. We and others may be allowed to think the “obvious” inconsistency of the principles of the law with the law of Christianity (for to this Mrs. Trollope’s condemnation of it extends) somewhat more questionable; and at all events less certain than the fact, which is frequently lost sight of, that whatever may be the errors of the new system, the old one was crushing, ruinous, and detestable. The great evil is deposed; and it is probable that the grievances consequent upon change, the many heavy hardships and cruel mistakes attendant upon the working of “amendment,” in such a law as that for administering to the relief of the poor of England, would have been gradually lessened ere now, had some of the opponents of the act been more moderate in their denunciations and more suggestive of practical relaxations.

No charge can be brought, upon this point, against the present writer. In the conduct of her story, she has illustrated, by a very natural and indeed



every-day course of action, the fullest rigours of the existing system, but in no unfair spirit; and there is nothing in the tone of the few reflections and speculations which are interspersed through her chapters, that should offend the strictest stickler for the severity of the new poor-law principle. It may occur to some readers as an objection, that she has not given the advocates of the law, among her characters, fair play. We have a hard-minded literal lawyer, and a coarse, vulgar, and ignorant upstart, in favour of the act; while opposed to its philosophy, we have a set of the most intelligent, humane, respectable, and ingratiating people that ever crowded about one in a novel! It is also a defect in the story, that a person of whom we hear much, and of whom much is made when he first appears on the scene,—an assistant poor-law commissioner,—dwindles, or rather sinks at once into a nobody, and does nothing. He was ushered in as a hero—the great agent of the story; but we know little more of him than what we are gratuitously told of his doings when the tale is quite closed:

“As for our very amiable Assistant Poor-Law Commissioner, he remained in superintendence of the district, of which Deepbrook made a part but a short time; for, in consequence of increasing intimacy with several persons thoroughly well acquainted with the state of the poor around them, and with what might and what might not be done for them with advantage, he not only became deeply interested in their welfare, but decided on several occasions, where his judgment and arbitration were appealed to upon no principle whatever but that of doing the most good that the circumstances permitted. This was, unfortunately, on more occasions than one, reported at head quarters, where it was, as a matter of course, considered as extremely unphilosophical, to say the best of it; and once, when it was very clearly evident that, by advancing the sum of two pounds five and sixpence, he had actually kept a family of seven persons from coming to the parish at all, he had been officially declared, though with great civility, to have been altogether wrong. As his general conduct, however, was not such as exactly to justify dismissal, he was permitted to retain his appointment; but all objectionable consequences which might have resulted from this were very ably and effectually guarded against by constantly setting his judgment aside, whenever it appeared to lean towards common sense, in preference to the principles of the bill; and by removing him from one place to another with more than usual rapidity, which, in a very satisfactory degree, prevented the possibility of his being useful anywhere.”

Having quoted the severest passage of the work, we shall have deterred no reader, possessed with a horror of politics, from seeking the gratification which this tale can hardly fail to produce. The plot of it is extremely simple, but highly tragic—very painful, and full of such associations of real positive crime and misery, and legislative cruelty and ignorance constantly working around us in the actual world, as seem little compatible with the charm wherewith a work of fiction should be read; but yet, though painful, and perhaps somewhat protracted in its details of suffering and horror in the more advanced scenes, there is a sentiment inculcated, and a purpose visible, which redeem and elevate it. It is written with great energy and freedom, relieved by numerous graces of feeling and expression.

The characters are excellently drawn and sustained. Several of them have no particular stamp upon them, and yet we recognise them after a time with all the certainty and distinctness that belong to the crowds of common-place people seen every day. They become quite real, and we soon know them all. But the characters least connected with the poor-law part of the plot, and the touching incidents which have no essential relation with the union workhouse and the board of guardians—these are the things in this tale with which we are enchanted. Ellen Dalton (what homage we are offering her in saying so!) calls up to recollection some of Miss Austin's heroines; and, indeed, without any exact feature of resemblance, there is something in the characters or in the positions of Ellen, her grand lover, her humorous confidential father, and her homely nobody-at-all of a mother, that awaken remembrance of the Bennetts and Mr. Darcy—pleasant remembrance always. Ellen Dalton is very charming, and at past three-and-twenty beats every young lady in the book; though

her nine sisters are a delightfully gay group, with a host of pretty acquaintances; while Miss Maxwell—but we must quote a passage explanatory of her:

“Martha Maxwell, with very little in appearance that might distinguish her from a multitude of other tolerably well-looking, tolerably well-taught, and tolerably sharp-witted young females, had, nevertheless, a talent so very peculiarly her own, that very few, if any other, under circumstances not more favourable to its development than those in which she was placed, ever possessed it in equal perfection. This gift consisted of a shrewdness of observation into character, which, like that of a practised fortune-telling gipsy, often seemed to give her something wonderfully like a power of divination. If this power had been somewhat less acute, and perhaps somewhat less minute also, it would have made much more *show* as a talent, for her observations might then have had the effect of brilliant hits and lively sallies. But Martha Maxwell had a shy sort of consciousness, that the process by which she looked into the hearts and souls of her fellow-creatures was not such as the generality could understand or appreciate, and this made her keep her speculations pretty much to herself.”

It is easy to perceive with what power and effect Mrs. Trollope would employ an agent of this kind; and the fair Martha has indeed her share in the spells that are worked. But this character, acutely as it is imagined, and consistently as it is employed, is but one of many realities, which, in this work as in others, establish Mrs. Trollope's reputation as a powerful expositor of the thinkings and feelings of actual life; delineated often, no doubt, with coarseness and exaggeration—but not so here.

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#### IRELAND.

*Ireland and its Rulers, since 1829.* During the summer months we have borne testimony to the excellence of more than one work upon Ireland; but the subject is astonishingly prolific, and a volume is here laid before us which it would be unfair to pass by.

It is, though a stout book enough, described on the title-page as “Part the First;” and discusses public affairs, from the date of the year of Emancipation until the close of the late sitting of Parliament. What “Part the Second” may discuss, whenever it shall make its appearance, who can guess! but assuredly there is at present in the deeply-interesting, the fearfully critical position of Ireland, sufficient to make the calculation an agitating one to the nerves, and to draw to any impartial account of political, social, and religious parties in that distracted country, a more than ordinary curiosity.

Ireland, indeed, is at this period, to all men concerned in the lasting welfare of the United Kingdom, the one point of deepest and most absorbing interest on the face of the globe; and an author, therefore, is sure of his audience, if he have but powers of edifying or amusing them. The author of the present work is not destitute of such powers. He glances in an easy, off-hand way at all the public questions that have excited attention in that country of late years, estimates their importance fairly, traces with clearness both causes and consequences, and shews how both government and people have been employed.

No one, therefore, can require to be told, that the work gives a consistent and connected account of the conduct of Mr. O'Connell during the years over which its review extends, and that this constitutes its principal feature. It is executed on the whole impartially, and the sketch of the great agitator's earlier life, as well as of his more strictly professional career as a barrister, will have attractions for numbers to whom little is known of him but his later political campaigns. The account of the Doneraile Conspiracy, and the famous fight between Solicitor-General Doherty and O'Connell, exhibits a scene picturesque in the highest degree, and Irish all over.

Many, indeed most of our leading men, who have had any recent connexion with, or influence over, Ireland, are also sketched and criticised—never with ill-nature, often with acuteness—but not, we think, invariably with judgment.



There are signs of an over-rating as well as an under-rating spirit. Mr. F. O'Connor's powers might have been more cautiously measured, while Mr. Sheil's brilliant talents are, in several incidental remarks, flippantly disparaged. But who can please all—especially when the subject is Ireland. The book is a brisk and readable one.

*The Home Treasury* is a contribution to the juvenile library that continues to prosper. Cundall of Bond-street is preparing to be to babes of this age what Newberry of St. Paul's Churchyard was to their grandpapas and great ditto. But with what an elegant modernized superior west-end air these picture-books come out! Here we have Bible histories illustrated after Holbein in the most faithful manner; and an excellent version of immortal Red Riding Hood's history, embellished, not by apprentices in art, but by masters, and the colourist has given to them all the effect of drawings. A beautiful little edition of *Beauty and the Beast* has just been added to the collection; the designs are evidently by the hands of men accustomed to administer to the higher tastes of the public; and they are so tastefully and delicately coloured, as to have all the effect of the drawings they represent.

*Ruins and Old Trees associated with the memorable events in English History* is the title of a little volume that will serve a very useful purpose, by planting in the minds of young readers a remembrance of some of the most romantic and beautiful incidents in our history. We have here brief memorials of the circumstances under which became famous the oak of Chertsey, Glendower's oak; the oak of Ellerslie, Wallace's oak; the nut-tree of Rosamond's grave; Hatfield oak; and several others. The historical accompaniments are appropriately written, and the wood-engravings of a superior kind.

## OLD REMEMBRANCE.\*

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

WITH song the wood was ringing  
When first of love we talk'd;  
One wild bird 'midst his singing  
Seem'd listening while we walk'd;  
All May-like was the weather,  
Though gold was on the grain,  
As our hearts first drew together  
In the old green lane.

That spring-light still is round us,  
That bird attends our way;  
The chain in which love bound us,  
It clanks not as we stray.  
In gay haunts now abiding  
We falter not, nor feign,  
For still we seem but gliding  
Through the old green lane.

We dwell in places crowded,  
But yet we live alone;  
The more our thoughts are shrouded,  
The more are they our own.  
The worldly path is steeper  
That tempts the bold and vain;  
But our hearts for pleasures deeper,  
Seek the old green lane.

From youth to age unchilling  
Thus onward will we stroll,  
Our earthly course fulfilling,  
As soul were link'd to soul.  
And still at last, late sinking,  
Shall we, 'midst wind and rain,  
Find shelter most when thinking  
Of the old green lane.

\* This song has been set to music.

## A DEED DONE ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COLIN CLINK."

## CHAP. I.

## POVERTY AND TEMPTATION.

By the side of one of those innumerable roads which intersect each other like veins of marble, and cross in every direction the vast tract of country comprised under the name of Salisbury Plain, there still stands, as there stood in the year 1773, the date of this true story, a small, low pothouse, apparently less especially designed for the accommodation of decent people, than for those whom Sterne describes as unfortunate travellers; men whose own feet constitute the only mode of transition from place to place with which fortune has favoured them; and whose own backs, in like manner, are the only backs in the world which they enjoy the privilege of loading with a mortal burden.

One warm evening in July of the above-named year, a man named Jacob Fearn might have been seen sitting on a block of granite brought from Stonehenge, by way of chair, at the door of that identical house, smoking a short and dirty pipe, which, for the sake of economy, he had begged of the landlord, and sipping a pot of brown ale, for which he had expended the last few halfpence in the world that he could call his own.

Jacob was a native of Salisbury, where he resided in utter obscurity with his aged mother, and a sister of eighteen—a sensible, handsome creature, whom Jacob much loved,—and upon the exertions of whom in various feminine employments he now temporarily depended for the barest means of subsistence; he himself being, at the time of which we speak, unable to obtain any employment whereby to win the bread of life.

When a man has descended so far down the steep of poverty that it is wellnigh impossible he can sink any lower, he commonly sits down as it were at the bottom of the hill, and looks upwards upon all the world above him with an eye of envy and hatred, as though ever meditating ill. And thus it was with poor Jacob. The liquid representative of his last penny was fast evaporating from before him, while there he sat, in the very recklessness of despair, ragged, self-abandoned, and ferocious,—a strong man, whose strength was useless on the earth,—a figure which nature had cast in one of her fairest-proportioned moulds, made gaunt and angular and grim by lack of sufficient sustenance from year to year; and presenting altogether that most painful of sights which civilized society can offer,—power without utility, capabilities perverted to evil ends,—a human being apparently disregarded by himself, and uncared for by any other human being in the world.

And as Jacob sat thus, looking silently on the road that lay before the public-house door, he saw the team-driver go by, singing as he went in the happiness of employment and plenty, and envied him: he thought it was better to work even for nothing, than for a man to sit idle until he felt himself a mere excrescence on society and fit only to be lopped away. And then the lordly carriage rolled by, whirling



to new scenes people who sat in them seemingly as idle, and, it might be, no more deserving than himself; while behind, perhaps, appeared some plump-fed, well-clothed footman, or lackadaisical lady's maid;—people who, in Jacob's opinion, made idleness itself a business, and throve better upon it than nineteen-twentieths of those whose worthy business it was to supply with unceasing labour all the wants and necessities of mankind. And out of all this he drew reflections which we shall not repeat, but which rendered uneasiness still more uneasy, and dissatisfaction doubly dissatisfied.

By and by, a foot-soldier, with a small bundle slung at the end of a stick, and carried across his shoulder, came up to the door. Heated by the sun, his face was scarcely less red than his jacket; and his feet were thickly covered with the dust of summer travel.

"Well, comrade!" he exclaimed, espying Jacob, and making a full stop, as he wiped the hot drops of moisture from his forehead—"the world and you seem to agree very well together."

"True, true!" replied Jacob—"we can't quarrel because we hold no dealings with each other. *I* sit idle while the world does all the work:—she won't let me have a bit of it."

"Nor a bit of the profits either, I suppose?" rejoined the other, with a sarcastic glance at Jacob's miserable figure, which secretly turned the idle man's heart into bitterness.

"No, nor the profits either," replied Jacob.

"Then turn soldier, man!" added he in the red jacket, "it's worth twenty ragged lives like yours. You'll livew ell, wear well, save a little money, and get a holiday now and then to go and see your sweetheart, if you have one, as I do."

"Oh! you are on furlough, are you?" asked Jacob—an inquiry to which his companion gave answer in the affirmative; and, during their subsequent conversation, the soldier furthermore informed him, that about three years previously, he had been quartered in Salisbury, where he fell in love with a young creature of fifteen, that he had corresponded with her in the meantime unknown to her friends, and that he was determined now to marry her; for the purpose of arranging the preliminaries to which important ceremony he was now on a visit to her, carrying nearly fifty pounds in his pocket, which he had contrived to save during the period of his service in the army.

Fifty pounds! That revelation was fatal to poor Jacob.

Actuated by those feelings of generosity which commonly inhabit free young bosoms, the happy soldier invited Jacob to share his can throughout the evening; and as conversation induced drink, and drink yet more and more conversation, the twain sat at the table until late in the cool of night, when both set out together, not in a state of the greatest sobriety, on their way to Salisbury.

Quarrelsome as some individuals are rendered by being under the influence of drink, with others again its effect is directly the contrary; and not unfrequently may two persons so situated be observed rolling home in company, now rubbing their shoulders forcibly together, and anon flying at a tangent three or four yards apart, yet all the while vowing deep affection, friendship, and service to each other; by the next dawn of light, perhaps, to forget it all, or to remember only with an unpleasant sense of foolishness and shame.

How the two characters of our story sped in this particular, the reader may conjecture for himself:—be it enough for us to say,—

It so fell out that Jacob Fearn did not reach his home that night, and did not ever see his mother and pretty sister again. Neither did the young soldier with fifty pounds in his pocket, who was going to Salisbury to be married, ever again meet his expectant intended bride.

## CHAP. II.

## THE HEAP BY THE ROAD-SIDE.

SINCE the events of the day described above, nineteen years have elapsed. It is now the year 1792. Having taken the advice of the soldier on Salisbury Plain, Jacob Fearn has now been nineteen years in the army. The reader will be pleased to suppose him serving in Holland, and that he has never, during the whole of those years we have named, once written to inform his friends of his destination, or whether indeed he be in the land of the living.

One dark evening, Jacob mounted guard about eight o'clock on the ramparts of the city of —. Like as on that night when Hamlet's father appeared to him, it was "a nipping and an eager air." As he stepped out to his box, Jacob cast his eye quickly round; nobody was abroad; nor could anything be seen, save the black platform of broad wall on which he stood, a black, cold sky beyond, and a deep gulf on one side below him, in which the town lay, studded with numberless little lights, like the reflection of a clear midnight sky. Yet Jacob felt as though something was about him. A sense of the dread presence of some being, he knew not what, was heavily upon him; and he felt more fear than a soldier ought to feel, or than even a woman would whose hands were un-crime-stained. He trod his round with trembling footsteps, and back again to his temporary shelter. He sat down and looked out on the broad wall with dread. The light shadow as of a woman's figure, like a film floating in the summer air, hovered before his eyes. What could it be? He had made no assignation there; he had ruined no innocence; sent no confiding woman to the grave before her time, that thus her image should haunt him reproachfully in his time of solitude. What else had he done?

"Yes, yes!" cried Jacob, involuntarily—"but THAT was not a woman. I say it was not a woman, and I have done no woman wrong. Begone, devil; away—away!"

But as he spoke, the figure grew more distinct to him. It seemed to be on a road that he knew when young—a road he had last traversed at night, some nineteen years ago. There lay the vast dark plain on either side it, and three blighted pine-trees stood on the left, and at their foot lay *the heap by the road-side*, which he knew again too well. And though it was but a heap of stones and dirt, overgrown with grass and nettles, it made him quake, and turn deadly cold; for beneath that heap lay what should accuse him at the day of doom; and from the steaming of the blood which soddened that earth had a witness gone up before God and pointed the finger of eternal justice towards Jacob's soul. As he leaned against the rampart for support, the figure he had seen appeared to settle and bend over the heap by the road-side. It raised up its face, and Jacob saw his sister. It then appeared to disperse the earth with its hands, and to bring out something red, and some decaying bones. A cry was heard, or seemed to be heard—the figure fell as dead upon the ground, and Jacob saw no more.



When his comrade came to relieve guard, Jacob was found lying along the wall insensible. He was carried off, and with some difficulty restored. The cause of his indisposition he would not tell; and only requested that he might buy himself out of the regiment or be discharged; adding that he should never be fit for a soldier again, and was only worthy of one fate. *That* fate neither would he explain. But as both his appearance and his health bore ample testimony that some strange and incurable infirmity had befallen him, he very shortly afterwards received his discharge.

### CHAP. III.

#### THE PLAIN, AND WHAT WAS ON IT.

THE giant shadows of those solitary giant stones which stand on Salisbury Plain, a record written in mysterious character of an age and a people else scarcely known, stretched far to the eastward in broken and irregular shapes, as the sun sunk redly beyond the hills which lie to the west of Wiltshire, and caught in brilliant patches each rising ground, each Druid's stone, and aged tumulus, with which the downs of that part of the country are so abundantly covered. Not a breath stirred, so that the dull sound of the sheep-bell could be heard at a distance inconceivable to any person who has not stood in the midst of those tracts, as a single mariner at sea, and listened to their tinkling miles away. A gray old shepherd or two, looking small as gnats upon so vast a visible surface, were moving homewards in the now gathering twilight, when a solitary soldier was observed advancing, foot-sore, and in pain, down one of the roads leading from Salisbury, across the Plain. Shortly, he overtook a shepherd who was walking the same road, and he and the way-worn soldier entered into friendly conversation. Whenever the inhabitants of peculiar localities chance to fall into discourse with strangers, whatever may be the subject of their first conversation, the former invariably evince and exercise a peculiar tact in diverting both their own and their hearer's attention to those immediate objects of home interest with which they are themselves most particularly acquainted. Thus it was with the old shepherd and the soldier:—there might, too, exist some mysterious affinity between the red jacket and the story which lay upon the shepherd's tongue, since one assisted very materially in calling up the other. The shepherd soon began to inform his companion how, some nineteen or twenty years ago, as a soldier like himself was passing down that very road, he was robbed and murdered, but by whom, nobody knew.

"It was supposed," said he, "to be near those three fir-trees; for under a heap of dirt close to them they found the body."

The shepherd started, for his companion stood still, as though afraid to move.

"Come, come along; don't be frightened. Why, I have come this way all hours of day and night in lambing time."

"Tell that soldier," muttered the frightened man, as he pointed forwards down the road,— "bid him for God's sake walk along and let me pass!"

"There is no soldier here except yourself," replied the shepherd.

"And my sister, too!" continued the soldier, for he was Jacob Fearn. "They are both there."

Thinking his companion out of his mind, the old shepherd grew afraid; and refusing to walk with him any longer, for fear of danger, hurried away, and left him to pursue his course alone.

## CHAP. IV.

## THE POTHOUSE.

It was nearly dark outside the same little public-house, which we particularly pointed out at the commencement of this story, though within blazed a heaped-up fire that rendered other light needless, when the soldier, Jacob Fearn, entered falteringly, exhausted, and with a countenance of ashes. He threw himself almost with the weight of a corpse into the chimney-nook, and mustered just voice enough to ask for a pot of ale. The kind host of the house, seeing his condition, and pitying his weariness, hastened with all speed to place the needful stimulus before him. The soldier took it up, but he could not drink:—*another* mouth was at the brim—the face of that very man who had treated him so generously twenty years ago. The landlord looked amazed at the soldier, while the soldier looked earnestly at him. At length the latter spoke.

“Landlord!” said he, “did you keep this house twenty years ago?”

“No, soldier,” replied the host; “my father kept it at that time, and I was but about thirteen or fourteen years old.”

“Then I must ask you another question,” rejoined the soldier. “Look at me,—straight at me,—in my eyes,—all over. Now,” after a pause, “can you remember a face that you saw twenty years ago? Or is it grown too haggard to look human yet?”

“Why, you are not the soldier that was said to be murdered from this house twenty years ago, are you?”

“No, not I!” replied Jacob, with a bitter smile. “Would that I had been! Now, look at me again. Look hard, man; and do not be afraid nor ashamed, for I shall not hurt you. No, I shall never kill a single living thing again! I am not that soldier; but I *AM* the man that killed that soldier! I am the man that sat in *that* seat with him, twenty years ago; that drank the ale he gave me; that talked with him; that went out late with him, and that murdered him! I am the man! Believe me, I tell no lies; and have walked through England here to surrender myself. Fetch somebody to take me to jail, for the gallows is better than the life I have led ever since. Nay, do not hesitate. I would not kill a mote, nor tell a lie again in this world, for all the world has in it.”

The bewildered tavern-keeper knew not what to do but to comply. The constable arrived, and Jacob Fearn was conveyed to Salisbury jail. On his own confession, which was repeated and persisted in, he was eventually hanged, and afterwards gibbeted, on the very spot where the remains of his sister’s lover were found under the heap by the road-side.

As for the fate of that sister herself, when she found that her lover never returned, as he had promised, she sickened and pined; but when the discovery of his bones was made known to her, she rushed frantically to the spot, and died in a frenzy upon his unhallowed grave; while her old mother, overcome by these troubles, soon followed to the same everlasting rest. Neither of them, happily, lived to witness the ignominious end of Jacob Fearn.



## JOHN MANESTY,

*The Liverpool Merchant.*

BY THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION, BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

## CHAPTER XIV.

SUSPICIONS CREEPING AMONG THE SAINTLY.—THE GREAT MERCHANT  
CALLED TO ACCOUNT.

"I WISH I came across him," quoth Robin Shuckleborough, "and I'd lodge such a fellow as that in the stocks. The old punishment of slitting the tongue of vagabonds like that was the best."

"No," said Manesty, "Robin, the best way is to let them speak on. But where has he told this story?"

"In general, among the shipping along the quays; but he made his way to Seal-street, where, having contrived to get into the committee-room, he told eight or ten of the membership there met, that he had sailed with thee for four months, during the past and current year; that he was close by thee when that scar on thy forehead was given; that he has known thee on and off upon the seas for twenty years; and that, in the African bark, 'Juno,' now for sale or charter, lying at Gravesend, there are fifty people that could say the same."

"And this tale was believed?" said Manesty, with a contemptuous sneer.

"If it was," broke in Robin Shuckleborough, "the elders of Seal-street, begging your pardons, Mr. Manesty and Mr. Rheinenberger, I was born and reared church of England, and church of England, if God gives me grace, will I die, so I do not think much of talking my mind out about the dissenters, — I say, if they believe any such a cock-and-bull trumpery as this, they are asses fitter to bray over a thistle in a field, than to preach over a Bible in the pulpit. This is now Sunday, October the 16th, 1764—new style—and it is certainly true, that my honoured master, young Mr. John, as I shall always call him, if he and I live on together till he is threescore and ten, left Gravesend on the 15th of June, 1761, bound for Kingston, on board the 'Bonny Jane,' 120 tons register, Moses Mugg, master; arrived in Liverpool, on the 19th of January, 1761, per the 'Lightning' coach, after a three days' rapid journey; sailed from Ilfracombe, by Bristol, on the 2nd of January, 1762, by the American sloop, 'Clipper,' bound for Barbadoes, 95 tons register, Jonadab Sackbag, mate, acting as commander; that——"

"Pr'ythee, Robin," said Manesty, smiling, "spare this minute chronology of my voyages."

"Pardon me, sir," exclaimed the zealous bookkeeper, "but I can prove from our books, that you have been absent just eight months in '60, '61, seven months in '62, ten months in '63, '64; and does not our letter-book minutely state to a day, or almost, what you were doing during the time? Dick Hoskins, indeed! I'd have Dick Hoskinsed him, if he dropped across my path."

"Nay, Robin," said his master, "do not be so warm. I believe

a better answer to this piece of absurd nonsense, will be found in the fact, from the year '39, when I returned from an unhappy errand to the plantations, with poor little Hugh, then about two years old, until the date in 1761, which you remember with an accuracy I cannot rival——"

"It was the 16th of October, between six and seven in the morning——"

"So be it; from the middle of '39, to the close of '61—two-and-twenty years. I was, let me see, absent from Liverpool, once in '43, when I had to go to London, about the bankruptcy of 'Ing, Tring, and Co.,' where I remained precisely a fortnight, in '46, when the Woolsterholme affairs were going to perdition; and I went with a vain hope of saving something for my poor sister's boy, and I stayed there then——"

"Eight days and six hours," supplied Robin, "from the moment we alighted at the 'Bull,' in Holborn, to the moment we started from the same. I was with you, sir, if you recollect."

"I had forgotten it," replied his master; "again, in '52, with a deputation from the corporation, on some nonsense now not worth remembering; and, in '57, on that troublesome business with which you, Ozias, were somewhat connected, you recollect——"

Ozias did not blush—for it would have been impossible that his body could have mustered a sufficiency of blood for such a phenomenon—but he looked somewhat confused. This visit of '57 was, in fact, connected with some serious embarrassments of his own, and Manesty had rescued him from bankruptcy.

"Manchester, or Bolton, or Rochdale, or some other of our neighbouring marts," continued Manesty, "are the ordinary limits of my travels; except my visit of a week, for some few years past, to breathe the fresh air at Woolsterholme Place, or whatever else you may have been pleased to call it——"

"Amounting on a rough calculation, which will, however, be found pretty near the truth," said Robin, pencil in hand, "to two-and-thirty days in London; say six visits per ann. to the towns about, setting them down at three days each, which is over the mark, eighteen days a-year, for one-and-twenty years, three hundred and seventy-eight days; fresh air excursions to the Yorkshire border for twelve summers, a week a-piece, seventy-two days; the sum, Mr. Rheinenberger, is four hundred and eighty-four days in all (errors excepted), during twenty-one years, being on an average, twenty-three days per ann., with a slight fraction over; and——"

"Thou needst not continue in thy calculations, friend Robin," replied Ozias, "all Liverpool will be witness that every hour of John Manesty could be accounted for during the years you mention. And as for the voyages of the three last years——"

"Cannot they be accounted for too," said Manesty. "They can as surely be told hour by hour, as those which have given employment to the arithmetic of Robin. But the thing is too ridiculous. Hoskins has been a pest upon the waters since the year '38—the year before I left America—perhaps longer; not a year has elapsed without our hearing of his depredations; and here have I—to say nothing of my character, or standing—here have I, during all the time, been as it were chained to my desk in Pool-lane, and because business of a



kind, in which, as Robin there well knows, I was most reluctant to engage——”

“I can vouch for it well, sir,” interposed Robin. “I remember your saying to me, as well as if it was yesterday——”

“Never mind; because I am miserably against my will dragged across the Atlantic, there are found men with whom I ‘ate of the same bread, and drank of the same cup,’ are ready to give ear, if not credence, to the hiccuping of a drunken sailor, confounding me, perhaps, from some fancied personal resemblance, with an atrocious pirate, who was committing murders and robberies upon the ocean, while I was sleeping quietly on my pillow, or toiling peacefully over my ledger.”

This was a burst of unusual length and earnestness from such a speaker, and Ozias made no reply. He had never heard of the French proverb, “*Qui s’excuse, s’accuse*,” but its principle flashed strongly upon his mind. The silence was broken by Manesty.

“And who in Seal-street gave heed to this drunken mariner?”

“None,” said Ozias, “that I know of, gave heed; but none, also, could refuse to give ear. To avoid scandal to us and trouble to you, we got the man away with much difficulty, and placed him in safety at the ‘Blackamoor’s Head,’ in ——, where he has been staying since last night. He is now in a drunken slumber, from which he will not arouse himself for several hours, and then Habakkuk Habergam——”

“Habakkak Habergam!” cried Manesty, with evident displeasure, looking significantly at Robin, “what did he say?”

“Nothing more,” said Ozias, “than that in the morning it would be well to visit him while he was sober, and so put an end to the noise, or bring the man to condign punishment.”

“Habergam,” said Robin, in deep indignation, “is as black-mouthed a bankrupt hound——”

“Do not indulge in invectives, Robin,” remarked Manesty, mildly, but still looking at his clerk, in a manner not to be misunderstood; “to-morrow morning, turn to his account as early as maybe, and have it adjusted as speedily as possible. A man who is so anxious to institute investigation into the business of other people, where he has no concern, cannot object to inquiries being made into the state of his own, where he has.”

“I can pretty well guess,” said Robin, “how the matter stands, and I’ll cut out work enough for Humbug Habakkuk to occupy him to-morrow, without pimping after what is saying or doing by the blackguards of the ‘Blackamoor’s Arms.’ Such a thief as that——”

Ozias looked hard at Manesty, who understood the look to signify that he wished them to be alone. It was no great difficulty to get rid of Robin, who left the room in deep dudgeon against the brotherhood of Seal-street, whom he consigned to the spiritual bondage of Satan, and against Habakkuk Habergam in particular, whom he doomed in thought to the temporal bondage of Lancaster Castle. His prayers were more efficacious—at least, more immediately so, in the latter than in the former case—for though we may charitably hope that the congregated independents escaped the fiery fate anticipated by Robin, it is certain that two days did not elapse before, through his exertions, and those of his attorney, the stronghold of the Dukes of Lancaster contained the corpus of the hapless Habakkuk.

## CHAPTER XV.

RELIGIOUS DOUBTS.—MANESTY'S CONSCIENTIOUS PERPLEXITIES.—HE VISITS AMINADAB THE ANCIENT.

OZIAS waited until the noisy slamming of the hall door announced the angry exit of Shuckleborough.

"I have heard," he then commenced at once, "all that thy zealous clerk, and all thyself hath said; and I am well aware that this tale of the man calling himself Blazes must be wholly untrue, but it is not to be put down by violence and anger, such as that which Robert threatened and manifested. But I should be unworthy of the friendship which thou hast ever shewn—of the religious union in which we have so long lived—if I did not tell thee that, since thine acceptance of the plantation of Brooklyn Royal, thy brethren in the Lord have been anxious for thy soul's estate."

"I accepted it, as you well know, Ozias, much against my will; and after consulting the most famous lights of religion burning around."

"Thou didst not consult thine own conscience, John, which is a light more precious than that of the seven golden candlesticks burning before the altar."

"Of that," replied Manesty, solemnly, "you nor any other man can be a judge. You know not, nor will any one know, until the great day of the unveiling of secrets how my conscience balanced its account."

"Be it so, then; but this, I know, and all Liverpool knows it, too, that though it has suited thee to describe this West Indian estate as all but bankrupt, thy prosperity hath been of late yearly on the increase, far beyond the bounds of what thine ordinary business could afford any ground for warranting—and that during the last three or four years we know that the transactions in which thou hast engaged must be supported by funds far more ample and extended than any which thy regular trade could have supplied."

"If those persons," said Manesty, "who take the trouble of calculating what ought to be the gains of a man who understands his business, would expend a portion of their time on learning what business really is, we should have fewer entries in the Gazette. I am yet to learn that men who lose money in trade, are qualified to judge of the courses pursued by men who make it."

"It is not exactly by such that the observation was made—but be it so," said the meek Moravian.

"Say it out, then, at once!" was the answer of Manesty to the implied charge. "You think, then, that I am, what this fellow, Blazes, as you call him, has told you, the pirate Hoskins?"

"I think nothing of the kind!" said Ozias; "and I know it to be impossible, but many of thy friends fear that thou hast, in some underhand manner, which they are loth to trace, lent thyself to traffic with men as wild and as wicked as he, and shared in their ungodly gains. This may not have come to thine ears before, but it hath been long talked of in Liverpool, and especially since thy recent voyages. And here comes this man who swears he saw thee on the West coast of Africa—there known by the name of a bloodthirsty pirate."

"I can scarcely keep patience," said Manesty, "to hear this flagrant nonsense. Have you not known this man upon the sea for more than twenty years?"



"I have!" replied Ozias; "and therefore I believe nothing of this part of the story, which I set down as the mere ravings of an intoxicated fool; but the other suspicion hath been much heightened by his production of a scrap of paper, addressed, as he says, to himself, ordering a long boat to be ready with early tide, and the live stock to be discharged as soon as possible. The paper is very greasy and dirty, smelling strongly of tobacco and spirits, but if the hand-writing be not thine, John Manesty, never did two persons write characters more resembling each other than the writer of that paper and thou."

"It is very possibly mine," said Manesty. "Some order to bring Irish cattle here on shore, which this fellow has picked up."

"It is hardly that," answered the Moravian—"but be it so. The paper is not like that which thou wouldst have used here. Perhaps its begrimed state may account for that, and be it so; but he says that he has many others—and particularly some dozens of letters and communications which were found on the person of a desperate pirate, named Tristram Fiennes, killed in a drunken fray on the coast of Florida, about four years ago, which are of the same handwriting; and it is the purpose of the select committee of elders to have before them this man, Blazes, to-morrow, and procure from him all that he knows or possesses. It was this that brought me here, for I would not have thee taken at advantage. The idle story of this sailor I cast to the winds. May God have strengthened thee to resist methods of piling up wealth scarcely less contaminating of sin to the soul than the open violences of those whom the world calls outcast. If thou hast fallen into the pit, may God be a light to thy feet to see thy way out of it—and under all circumstances, whether to support thee, O my brother, under the injury of falsehood and calumny, or the deeper sadness of thine own consciousness of having done what thy soul cannot justify unto thyself, if my aid can be anything of value, remember how strong is thy claim on the gratitude of Ozias Rheinenberger."

He ceased. The tear, mantling in his small grey eye, kindled it into dignity—and a strong emotion lit up all his plain features, inexpressive now no longer. The habitual meekness of his face was exalted into a hallowed look of devout compassion which no hypocrite could assume. He fixed it for an instant on Manesty—who for some moments had remained profoundly silent, not attending to what was said, as if stricken with a sudden blow—and then rushed from the presence of his unheeding companion, heavy of heart.

Manesty remained in the same position for nearly half-an-hour after the departure of Ozias.

"He's a kind-hearted fellow, that!" was his first exclamation; "but he suspects that there is some shadow or foundation of truth in this story, impossible as he feels it to be on the whole. Others may come to the same conclusion without the same charitable feelings towards me. Success in any pursuit is enough to raise up hosts of enemies; and the very testimony I have borne against this trade, in which I am thus accused of participating, will render their venom more rancorous. This must be met—met at once—met like a man. Why cling those fancies to my brain? Am I not, by the world in which I live, and by the world in which it is scarcely suspected that I have lived, looked up to as a man of sound sense, of solid judgment, and firm decision? Is not my opinion daily, hourly, consulted on those matters which come home most to the business and bosoms of men?—and why not decide

in a case which so nearly concerns myself. Alas, I know that I have decided, and only desire that my decision should be ratified by the voice of another—that from another man's tongue I may hear loudly pronounced that counsel which I dare not whisper to myself. It is now two o'clock, and I shall have ample time to return by sunset. Yes—I will go—the ride of itself will be of use in bracing my nerves, and recruiting my jaded spirits."

In a few minutes, after leaving word with Hezekiah to tell Mr. Hugh that he was suddenly called away, and would not, in all probability, return till night, he was urging his mare onward with hasty pace on the road that led to the marshes of Ulverstone—the journey he had to perform was about thirty miles, and it was completed in two hours and a half. The summer sun was beginning to decline, when he found himself at the door of a solitary house of small dimensions, situated by the side of a desolate mere. It was the lonely dwelling of Aminadab the ancient, and he it was whose counsel Manesty had ridden forth to seek. As he approached, he heard the old man's voice loudly reading the Bible, and expounding its texts, as it would seem by his tone, with angry comment, though, except a very young girl, who was in the kitchen, and out of reach of exhortation, for which, if she had heard, she would not have felt the slightest respect, no one but himself was in the house.

No lock or latch secured its outer door, and Manesty, having tied up his horse, entered without any ceremony. The old man, bent over his Bible, did not perceive his entrance, but continued his fierce denunciations of the foes of the Lord in a furious commentary on the sixty-eighth Psalm. He had reached the twenty-third verse, when Manesty arrived, and was repeating with intense emphasis—"That thy foot may be dipped in the blood of thine enemies, and the tongue of thy dogs in the same." Something either in tone or text made the new comer start, and he hastily broke off the coming exposition by laying a gentle pressure of his finger on the old man's sleeve.

Aminadab closed his Bible, and immediately rose to greet his visitor.

"Is it thou, John," said he—"thou, John, my son? I expected thee not, but welcome are thy feet upon the mountains, or wherever else my lot may be cast. Thou lookest jaded and worn. The fare I can offer thee is coarse compared with that which thine own mansion affords—but such as it is, who can be more welcome to share it than thou."

"I have no need," said Manesty, "of your hospitality, Aminadab, which I have known of old would be cheerfully given—I want thine advice. Not food carnal, but food spiritual, do I lack; and to whom could I come for a goodly supply of things sustaining to the soul with such surety as to thee!"

"Ninety years and one," said the old man, "have passed over this hoary head, and to the sound of flattery mine ears are clogged as with wax. Ask what thou wilt, John, and according to the light vouchsafed to me will I speak. Speak otherwise I could not, wert thou Balah the son of Zippor, offering me, by the hands of the princes of Moab, houses of silver and of gold."

Manesty was, however, in no haste to speak—something seemed to choke his utterance. The question which came at last did not seem anything formidable to a practised controversialist. It was one of



those questions of dogmatic theology a thousand times asked in ages by-past, and a thousand times to be asked in ages to come.

"Can the elect," said he, "fall from a state of grace?"

He had not long to wait for an answer.

"It is with grief I hear the question propounded," said Aminadab, "from the lips of one who was all but reared at my feet, as Saul at those of Gamaliel. Thou shouldst have been not a disciple to inquire, but a master in Israel to answer. They cannot."

"Those, then, that were once in a state of grace are ever in a state of grace?"

"For ever."

"And they cannot by any means fall into sin?"

"Never."

"And their salvation is always sure?"

"Always. But why, John Manesty, my son," said the old man, looking somewhat amazed—"why dost thou come to ask me of things which could be answered by babes and sucklings? Are not these the first plain rudiments of the most ordinary theology? Before the foundations of the world were laid, the names were written in the book of life of those who were chosen to inherit salvation. Not to obtain salvation, but to receive as a gift—to take it as the heritage bequeathed to them by their father, a garnered treasure not won by themselves. How, then, is it that you ask whether they can so sin as to bring upon themselves damnation?"

"They seem to sin, at least, Aminadab," said Manesty, doubtfully, though this supralapsarian doctrine was the favourite of his heart, and now sounded agreeably upon his ear.

"They may so seem," said the unbending theologian, "but of what moment is their seeming? Nay, they *do* sin, if we look upon their actions with the eyes and pronounce upon them with the tongue of the world. But can the acts of man control the decrees of God? Are we to set up the works of the created against the laws of the Creator? What is written is written—it is written by the finger of God. Can the weak and wayward wanderings of frail man blot it out again? Is He in his ways to be guided by the merits or demerits of man? Who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord, or being his counsellor hath taught him? To talk calmly, can these newly devised instruments control the steam? Can the spinning-jenny say unto the engine, 'My will is not thy will, thy might is less than my might?'"

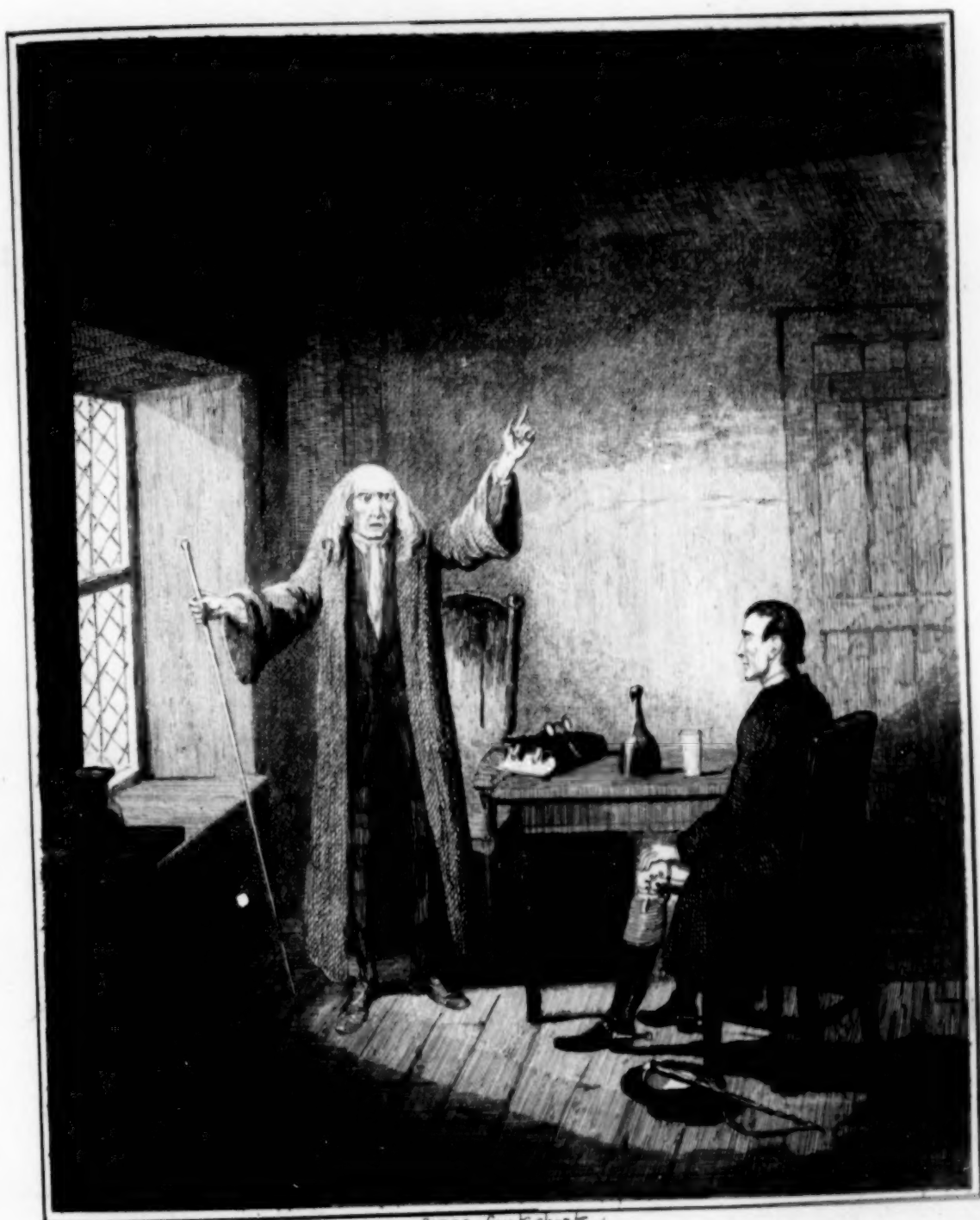
"It is well," said Manesty; "such I knew was thy doctrine. But still, as we live in the world, while we pass through it, what the word of the world and the law of the world says must be attended to."

"Of a truth," said Aminadab, "we are here in carnal vesture, doing carnal things. We must eat, we must drink, we must sleep—things in no respect connected with the business of salvation—and we must proceed onward in our way allotted to be trodden. These are the things which are called indifferent."

"Of these good fame, in what people term society, is one?" asked Manesty.

"Surely. The poor things of this poor world we may not care for, but we may not do without, and without repute they are not to be attained."

"If, then," said Manesty—"I beg your pardon, Aminadab; I shall alter my mind. I declined your proposed refreshment just



*George Cruikshank*

The visit of John Manesty to Aminadab.

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now, but a faintness has come over me. Have you any wine in the house?

"None, my son," said the old man—"but I have some bottles of the brandy and some of the ale which thou hast sent me as oil to the flickering lamp of my waning life."

Manesty chose the ale, which the slip-shod girl speedily placed before him. He drank a copious draught.

"If, then," he said, wiping a perspiration which had rapidly formed on his forehead—"if, then, a saint is so stricken in his good fame in the world as to render his usefulness questionable, or perhaps to destroy it altogether, is it justifiable that he should resist the slanderer with weapons of strength?"

"It is so. It is granted to us to use such weapons to defend our lives, and even when life is not attacked, to wield the spear and draw the sword to maintain the cause of the Lord. In like case, then, when that which may cost us our lives, or that which we hold dearer than our lives—then, too, may we uplift instruments of punishment or vengeance. When Shimei, the son of Gazi, a Benjamite of Bahurim, cursed David with a grievous curse in the day when he went to Mahanaim, did not the man of God lay it upon Solomon as a dying commandment—on him to whom he said, 'Thou art a wise young man, and knowest what thou oughtest to do'—to bring down his hoary head to the grave with blood? Did not Elisha, as he went from Jericho to Beth-el, call forth two she-bears out of the wood, who tare the two-and-forty children of the city who mocked him by the way? Yea, the whole scripture is full of wrath against the railing tongue which scorns the saints—as to thee, no doubt, John Manesty, is known."

"Have we, then, warrant," asked Manesty, "to do as was done in these old days?"

"No days," said Aminadab, "are old. To us there seems to be time, and year to follow year in the constant rolling of the sun. But he who made the sun hath no measure of time. What he permitted in the days of David—in the days of Elisha—in the days when Jeremiah changed the name of Pashur, the son of Immer the priest, to Magar-Missabib, making him a terror to himself and all his friends, because he smote the prophet on the cheek—that doth he permit now. This do I speak carnally, as to carnal men. But if I spoke in the language befitting a testifier of the truth, then should I dismiss from my mouth the vain and sinful words of what we were permitted to do. We are not permitted to do anything. What is done is ordained. As well mightest thou think, with thy feeble palm, to stop the waters of the Mersey, when they come raging to and fro down in murky flood, over its swallowing sands, by the boisterous east wind, or by thy will or by thy deed to check the careering wheels of the cherubim seen by Ezekiel by the river of Chebar. Shall the axe boast of itself against him that heweth therewith? or shall the saw magnify itself against him that shaketh it? As if the rod should shake itself against them that lift it up; or as if the staff should lift itself as if it were no wood."

"The elect, then, unto salvation," said Manesty, with great and earnest solemnity, "who are assailed by the reprobate unto eternal death, may by any means remove those reprobates from the earth without peril."

"Peril of temporal things, if, then, there be peril," said Aminadab,



"is to be thought upon with such care as may be—of that the Magistrate, who beareth not the sword in vain, must be the judge. He will see with such blinking lights as the dry bones of the law afford to his blear-eyed vision. But," said the old man, rising and grasping a long staff—

The sun in its most western slope was bestowing its parting beams upon Ulverstone Mere, and the old man so sate in his parlour as to catch the fast diminishing of its declining ray. As he rose it covered him all over with a yellow light, gilding his hoary head, and giving fiercer expression to the eye, which still, when aroused to the joy which controversialists feel when they confute, or fancy they are confuting, antagonists worthy of their skill, gleamed, or rather glittered with fire supplied from the ever-burning furnace within; his figure became erect, and he leant upon his staff not as a stay to his feet, but a sceptre to his hand.

"But," said he, "as for the decrees of the Lord, there is in them no heeding of the laws of man. They who think they make these laws—they who put them into effect—are but vessels in the hand of the potter—vessels of no more value or power, than those whom they, from the ermined bench, send to the squalid dungeon."

He struck his staff vigorously on the floor.

"Whatever thou purposest to do, John Manesty, do thou, and that quickly. It was revealed to me in the visions of the night that thou shouldst come, and I was spoken with to say that the work to which thou wert appointed was wending its way to the end. The doctrine I preach is sure; sure as—nay, far surer—than the granite foundations of the earth. Go thou on thy way rejoicing, and to rejoice."

He ceased for a while.

"But I shall never see thee again, John Manesty,—never again in this cobweb world. Go, however, secure of purpose and undoubting of salvation. Go to thy work, but go undoubtingly, for if Samuel was not merely justified, but commanded to hew Agag the Amalekite in pieces before the Lord, in Gilgal, because the bleating of sheep and the lowing of oxen offended the ears of holiness, how much more worthy of being destroyed is the man that bleateth mischief and loweth unrighteousness."

The brows of the old man were knit with a savage frenzy, and his eyes shot forth a more burning flame.

"Truth fast, is my doctrine—truth fast as truth itself—which is, after all, but an idle word to keep us the further away from him who is truth. The blessing of Jehovah-Jireh be upon thee! Thou hast now heard, my son, the last words which thou ever wilt hear from the lips of him, who, in the days of his vanity, was known as Sir Ranulph de Braburn—for more than two generations testifying as Aminadab Smith, which lengthened years have changed into the title of Aminadab the Ancient. Go and speed."

He cast his staff aside and grasped the hand of his excited visitor, who fervently returned the fervent pressure. Other words beside those which had been just spoken were now exchanged. The old man sank into his chair, and Manesty mounted his horse to ride hastily homeward.